

MARVEL PREVIEW FEATURING

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02928

STAR-LORD

№18
\$1.25

LIFE OR DEATH?

●
**Peter Quill
Faces the Most
Agonizing
Decision of His
Cosmic Career!**

●
**Also:
Weird Time-Travel
in
"Destiny of the
Dinosaurs!"**

●
**Frightening
Future Vision:
Ron Goulart's
"Into the Shop"**





STAN LEE
presents
MARVEL
PREVIEW #18
FEATURING

STAR-LORD



Spring 1979
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JIM SHOOTER
Editor-in-Chief

RICK MARSHALL
Editor

RALPH MACCHIO
Associate Editor

ROY THOMAS
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JOHN ROMITA JR.
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NORA MACLIN
DAVIDA LICHTER-DALE
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On an alien world with uncanny parallels to Earth, a menace unlike any ever conceived by the mind of Man stalks a dark and deadly landscape. By *Ron Goulart, Steve Bissette, and Rick Veitch.*

THE DESTINY OF THE DINOSAURS 50
A startling SF premise masterfully stretched to an awesome, unbelievable conclusion. By *Don Thompson and Lee Elias.*

★ ★ ★

The best of the old and the new.

Marvel Preview, one of the established favorites of our line, is in this issue experimenting with some wild black and white shading techniques—we know you'll notice and hope you'll love—and better paper to reproduce the artwork on.

Star-Lord, now an established character, enters in this issue a new phase of his career and persona: Here he finally shreds his space-sissy image and becomes a true Lord of the Stars—but not without the wrenching emotional traumas one would expect in a truly human hero.

Our back-up stories likewise continue the contrast: a piece of speculation about ancient dinosaurs and modern time-travel; an adaptation of an award-winning story by established master Ron Goulart, drawn by brand-newcomer Steve Bissette, destined to be a premier graphic storyteller.

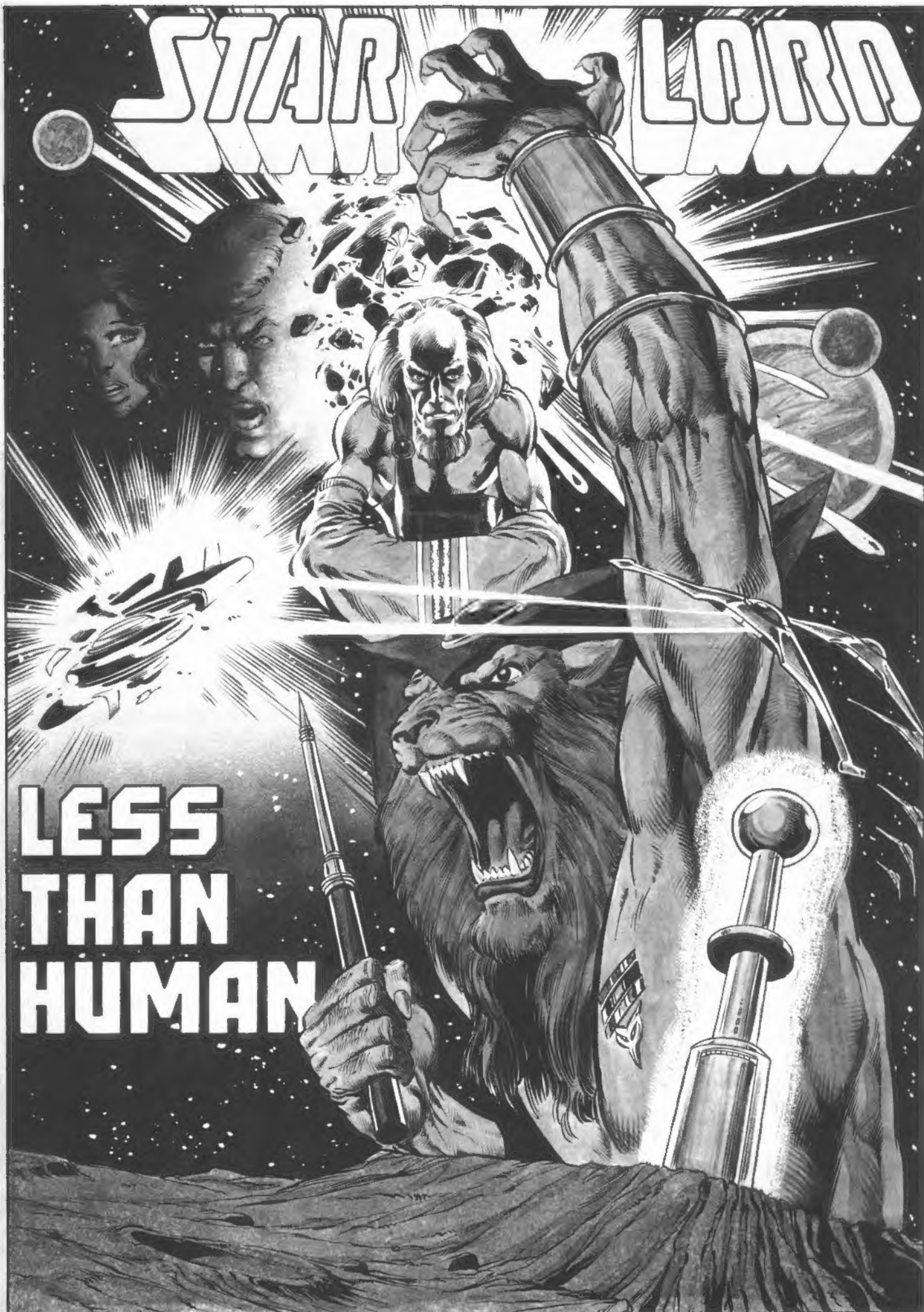
Old and new. The best of both fantastic worlds. Enjoy!

Rick Marshall

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STAR LORD

**LESS
THAN
HUMAN**



PROLOGUE:

YOU'RE SURE
YOU WANT TO
TEST IT ON
THE
PLANETOID?

IF YOUR MISSION
FAILS, YOU'LL HAVE
NOWHERE TO--

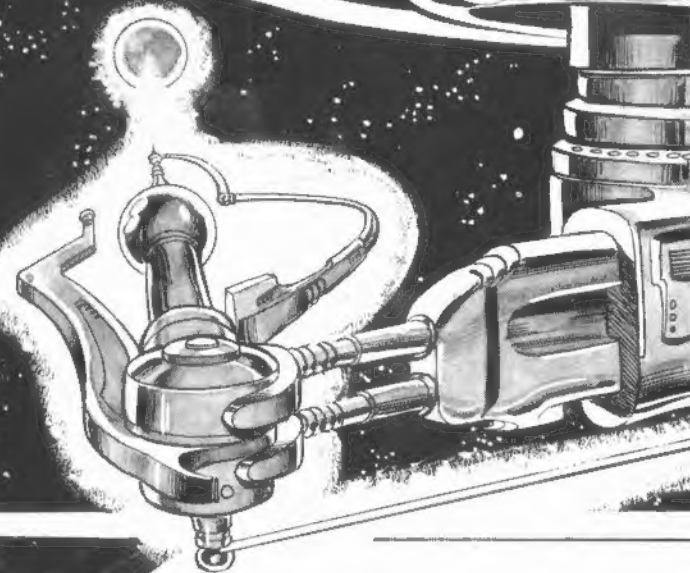
IF OUR MISSION FAILS, WE
WOULD RATHER DIE THAN
LIVE ONE MORE DAY ON
THAT STINKING BALL OF
ROCK.

BEGIN
THE
TEST.

"YOU SEE, HUMAN, IT IS FITTING THAT THE PLACE
ON WHICH WE'VE BEEN FORCED TO LIVE SINCE
OUR ESCAPE--"

"-- SHOULD NOW SERVE AS
THE TEST FOR OUR RETURN,
AND OUR VENGEANCE.

"WE ARE NOT
PAINED TO SEE
IT DESTROYED."



IT WORKED,
HUMAN-- YOUR
TEST WORKED.

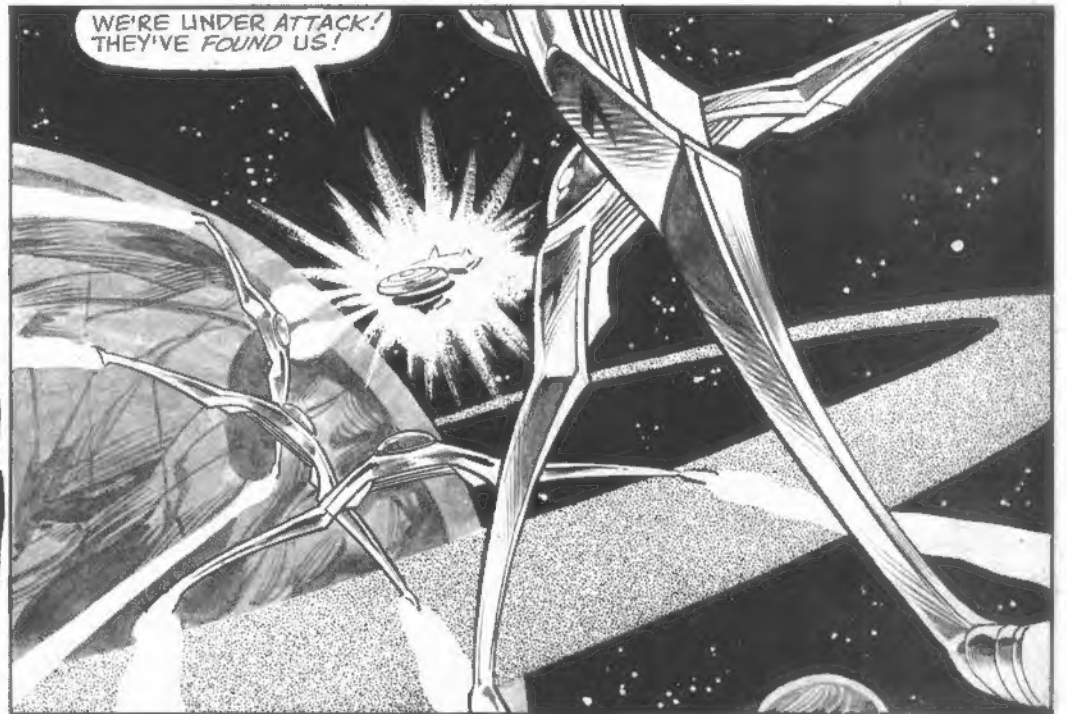


OF COURSE--
I TOLD YOU IT
WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL.
I'VE WORKED TOO
LONG ON THIS SYSTEM TO
EVEN THINK OF FAILURE...



WITH THIS SMALL POWER-ROD INSTALLED IN THE WEAPON SYSTEM OF ANY STANDARD FIGHTER--YOU NOW POSSESS THE CAPABILITY TO DESTROY A WORLD.

THEN THE LONG WAIT IS OVER, HUMAN. IT IS TIME TO GATHER OUR OTHER FIGHTERS AND MOVE ON TO REDSTO--



WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! THEY'VE FOUND US!



NO! THEY MUST NOT--

BOOM

--UHN!



THE LAST ATTACKER BLASTS-- AND THE CRAFT SHATTERS, SPILLING OXYGEN, BODIES, DEBRIS.



THE ATTACKERS MOVE IN LIKE CARRION BIRDS.

BOARDING MANEUVERS B N.

AND SOON, INSIDE THE
GUTTED CRAFT...

I'VE GOT IT,
COMMANDER!

GOOD-- I'LL
RADIO QUAN-ZARR
WITH THE NEWS.

--IS
BRINGING
IT ABOARD
RIGHT NOW,
SIR.

EXCELLENT. I MAY HAVE
LOST MY SON, AND ALL MY
POWER IN THE TWELVE
WORLDS, BUT NOW I HAVE
THE MEANS TO RETURN
TO POWER--

--AND TO
CONQUER
ALL.

BRING
THE
POWER-ROD
BACK TO
REDSTONE.

YES,
QUAN-ZARR
--WE'RE
EN ROUTE
NOW.

"BY THE WAY,
SIR, THERE
WAS ONE
HUMAN
ABOARD.

"WE HAD TO
KILL THEM ALL."

YES, THE ENTIRE CREW IS
DEAD-- DEAD AND FLOATING
AMONG WEIGHTLESS SWIRLS
OF THEIR OWN BLOOD.

... BUT THERE WAS ONE WHO
DID NOT DIE BEFORE REACHING
THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM...

OUTGOING TRANSMISSION:
WEAPON
COMPLETE BUT
TAKEN BY QUAN-
ZARR'S FORCES TO
REDSTONE. CARRY ON
WITHOUT US AND

END OF
PROLOGUE.

REDSTONE, SOMETIME LATER: SEEN FROM SPACE, IT LOOKS INDEED LIKE A RED STONE SET ON GLITTERING BLACK VELVET...

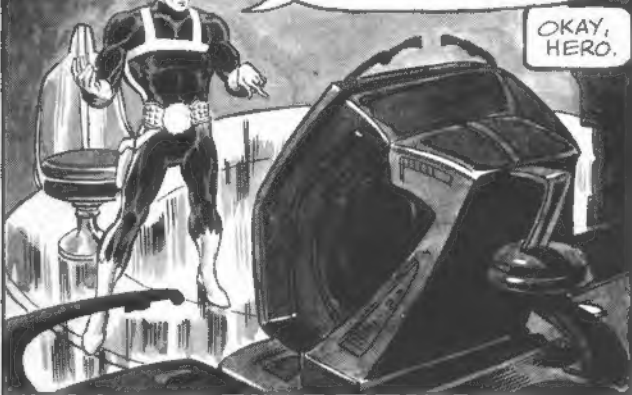


PETER, I'VE PICKED UP EMANATIONS OF AN AWESOME BUT UNKNOWN POWER-SOURCE FROM THAT RED PLANET-- ENOUGH TO POWER, OR DESTROY, AN ENTIRE WORLD.



I GUESS WE'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT THEN, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO BARGE IN IF IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS-- IF IT'S INNOCENT...

... SO JUST DROP ME OFF OVER THE CITY NEAREST TO THE DETECTED POWER-SOURCE -- THEN LOCK INTO ORBIT UNTIL I CALL YOU.



OKAY, HERO.

AND, WHEN "SHIP" HAS LOCKED INTO ORBIT...

SO LONG, PETER-- AND HAPPY LANDINGS..



... PETER QUILL DRAMATICALLY BECOMES STAR-LORD.



FANTASTIC! A WALLED CITY-- BUT THE WALL IS NATURAL... THE RIM OF A HUGE CRATER! THE CITY IS BUILT ON THE PULVERIZED DUST OF A METEOR!

I WONDER IF THE POWER-SOURCE COULD BE INSIDE THE CITY -- THAT CENTRAL TOWER, PERHAPS...

WAIT A MINUTE -- LOOKS LIKE I COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG. THE LIFESTYLE HERE IS PRIMITIVE -- TORCHES AND BEASTS OF BURDEN -- NO ELECTRICITY, NO VEHICLES, NO SIGNS OF ANY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY...



... EXCEPT THAT CENTRAL TOWER AGAIN -- EVEN ITS ARCHITECTURE IS INCONGRUOUS.



THEY'RE CAPABLE OF GENERATING ELECTRIC POWER BUT, WITH THE SINGLE EXCEPTION OF THE TOWER, THEY DO NOT.

IF THEY ARE INDEED USING ALMOST NO POWER, WHY "SHIP'S" READING OF AN ENORMOUS POWER-SOURCE?



LET'S HAVE IT, STRANGER.

FORGET YOUR GUN. WE'RE THE ONLY ONES ALLOWED POWER-WEAPONS HERE -- ALL OTHERS SETTLE THEIR DISPUTES WITH THE BLADE.



AN AIR-SKIMMER, SO AT LEAST THE POLICE USE TECHNOLOGY -- AGAINST WHICH I MIGHT BE OVERMATCHED WITHOUT MY ELEMENT-GUN...

DON'T BE A FOOL -- WE'LL SIMPLY KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T HAND OVER THE WEAPON.







QUAN-ZARR?

THE FOUNDER OF REDSTONE--FIRST MAN TO SET FOOT ON IT. MADE HIM RICH--HE OWNS THE WHOLE PLANET, INCLUDING THIS TAVERN. 'COURSE, I CAN'T COMPLAIN, TAXES ARE LOW ENOUGH.

BUT WHEN HE COLLECTS FROM EVERYBODY, HE CAN AFFORD TO KEEP 'EM LOW.



AND REDSTONE WAS UNCLAIMED BEFORE HE FOUND IT--

YEAH--SURPRISING, AIN'T IT?



DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD STILL FIND SUCH UNSPOILED TREASURES. 'COURSE, THAT WAS SIXTY CYCLES AGO, BUT STILL..



SURELY, REDSTONE HAS SOME CONCENTRATED POWER-SOURCE--A PLANET-WIDE DEFENSE SYSTEM, PERHAPS?

NOPE, JUST THE REMOTE-AUTOMATIC FIGHTERS, WHO'D WANT TO ATTACK US? WE HAVE NOTHING OF VALUE TO ANYONE BUT OURSELVES--OUR LIFESTYLE--AND ANYONE WHO WANTS THAT IS WELCOME TO JOIN US.



NOT MANY DO--MOST OF THE SO-CALLED "CIVILIZED" PLANETS THINK WE'RE A BUNCH OF CRAZIES AND ECCENTRICS. SO WHAT'VE WE GOT TO DEFEND AGAINST?

"SHIP" THERE'S HARDLY ANY POWER ON THIS PLANET AT ALL.



ARE YOU SURE YOUR SENSORS ARE FUNCTIONING PROPERLY.

SHIP'S TELEPATHIC REPLY IS HEARD ONLY BY STAR LORD. I'M CERTAIN PETER AND THE READING IS POSITIVELY FRIGHTENING.

AND IT'S NOT A NATURAL FORCE?

NEGATIVE, PETER-- EVEN AN ACTIVE VOLCANO WOULDN'T REGISTER A FRACTION OF THIS INTENSITY.

"ALL RIGHT-- MAINTAIN YOUR ORBIT, AND I'LL DO A LITTLE MORE CHECKING ON MY OWN..."

"... THEN I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THE POWER-SITE ITSELF."

I APOLOGIZE FOR DISTURBING YOU, LORD QUAN-ZARR-- BUT OUR MONITORS HAVE DETECTED AN UNIDENTIFIED SHIP LOCKED IN PLANET-ORBIT.

IT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE A CLEAR THREAT, BUT--

YES, YES, I KNOW. AFTER OUR TROUBLE WITH THE BEASTMEN AND THE NEAR DISASTER WITH THIS POWER-ROD, WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL...

...DISPATCH THE REMOTE-AUTOMATIC FIGHTERS AND SCORCH THE DAMN SHIP OUT OF THE SKY...

BACK AT THE BOTTOMSIDE, STAR-LORD OVERHEARS A DRUNKEN CONVERSATION.

-- WAIT'LL QUAN-ZARR HERE'S WHAT THE SPACE-PORT COMPUTERS HAD TO SAY.

ENOUGH DESTRUCTIVE POWER TO TURN THIS WHOLE PLANET INTO RED DUST. CLOSE CALL, ALL RIGHT...

YEAH, MAYBE
WE BETTER
GET MOVING
WITH THE
REPORT ..

HELL, THERE'S NO HURRY NOW--
EVEN COURIERS NEED A DRINK NOW
AND THEN. BESIDES THEY GOT THE
THING SAFE AND SOUND AT THE--



QUICKLY--GET THE
COURIER POUCH!

HEY! MY
SWORD--!

SORRY...

...BUT I DO HAVE A WEAPON OF
MY OWN-- AND I'VE JUST
BECOME A CONTENDER FOR
THAT COURIER POUCH!



BEASTMEN--?!
BUT HOW--



THEN YOU
SHALL DIE,
HUMAN!

THE POUCH MUST BE OURS,
AND WE WILL KILL ANYONE
WHO--

--UHN!

MYSELF, I'VE
TAKEN A VOW
AGAINST
KILLING--



--BUT I'M NOT
AVERSE TO
SIMULATING A
TEMPORARY
FACSIMILE.

AND NOW, ONE HARD-WON
COURIER POUCH--

--COUPLED WITH A
HASTY EXIT.

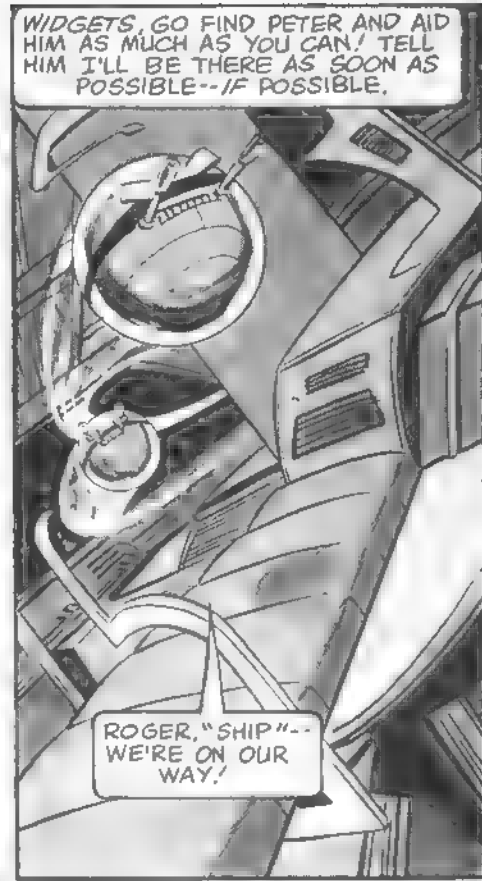


HEY,
COME BACK
HERE WITH
MY SWORD!

AND THIS ALLEY LOOKS LIKE A CONVENIENT
PLACE TO INVESTIGATE THE POUCH'S
CONTENTS...



STOP,
THIEF!





THERE'S NO REPLY! WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO HER?!

YOU... YOU'RE TALKING TO A SHIP... AND EXPECTING AN ANSWER?



"SHIP'S" COMMUNICATIONS ARE LOCKED DOWN FOR THE TIME BEING, PETER. ALL HER ATTENTION IS DEVOTED TO SURVIVAL RIGHT NOW--A MULTIPLE ATTACK.

ATTACK--?



THEN WE'RE ON OUR OWN, WIDGETS, AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE MY ELEMENT-WEAPON-- NOTHING BUT THIS ANCIENT SWORD!

YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THAT, BUSTER-- IT'S MY SWORD, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE IT BACK I'LL--



LET'S PLUG IN THIS COURIER-TAPE AND HEAR WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT...

KLIK



AN AIR-SKIMMER!

IT MUST HAVE BELONGED TO THE COURIERS! COME ON--



--WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE HUMAN WHO STOLE THE POUCH! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE OF SUCCESS FOR OUR MISSION--



--AND WE CAN'T LET IT SLIP AWAY AGAIN!



STANDARD TAPE, PETER, COMPRISED OF: DESTINATION; MISSION; RESULTS OF MISSION; AND RETURN DESTINATION

DETAILS, WIDGET--DETAILS!

DESTINATION: MAIN COMPUTERS
LOCATED IN CITY'S SPACEPORT.

RESULT OF MISSION: EXHAUSTIVE
COMPUTER SPECIFICATIONS FOR
WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED THE
ULTIMATE WEAPON, PETER, AN
AMPLIFIER ROD OF ENORMOUS
POWER.

THEN GUIDE
ME THERE,
WIDGETS
TO THE
POWER-
ROD...

YOU MEAN
GUIDE US
THERE-- IT'S
MY WORLD
AND I
DEMAND TO
GO WITH
YOU!

AND RETURN DESTINATION:
PRECISELY MATCHES THE LOCATION
COORDINATES PINPOINTED BY
"SHIP" AS THE SITE OF THE
POWER-BLEED-- WHICH IS NOT
FAR FROM THIS CITY, AS YOU
KNOW.

NOW WAIT
JUST A--

BETTER DECIDE
QUICKLY, PETER--

--BECAUSE HERE COME
THE BEASTMEN AND
THEY'VE GOT A SKIMMER
AND THE SKIMMER'S
GOT A--

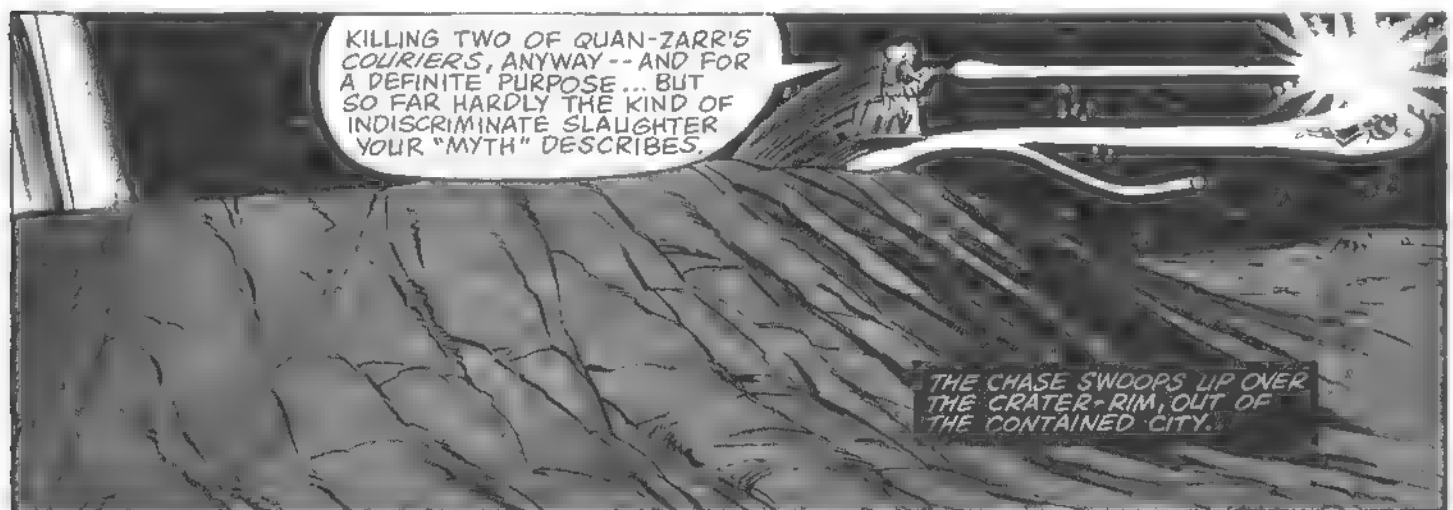
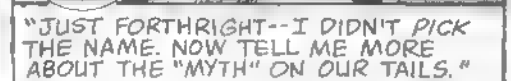
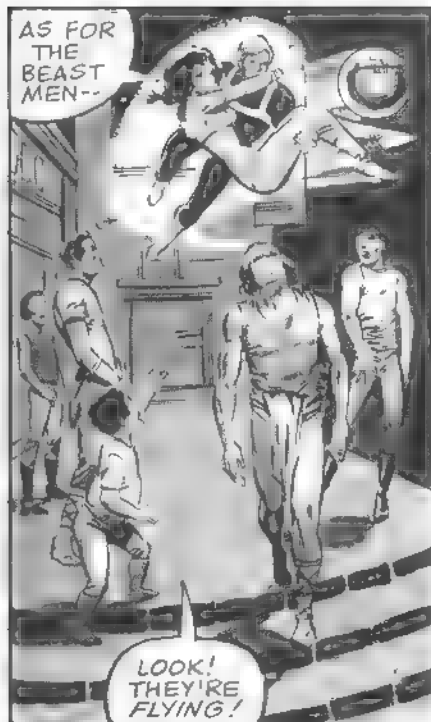
--WEAPON!

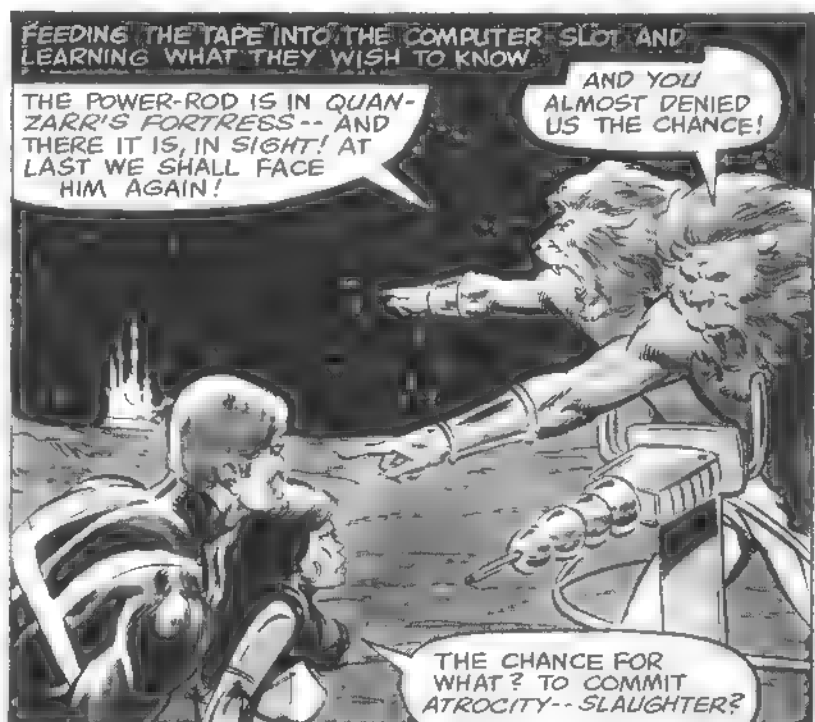
ALL
RIGHT
--GO
WIDGETS!

HEY,
PUT
ME
DOWN!

NOT A CHANCE, LADY... I'VE ALREADY MENTIONED THAT I DON'T
ENGAGE IN KILLING -- AND PUTTING YOU DOWN AT THIS POINT
WOULD AMOUNT TO KILLING YOU NOW WHY DON'T YOU TELL
ME WHO THESE BEASTMEN ARE, ANYWAY

THE "LADY"
IS NAMED
SYLVANA.





ATROCITY?! SLAUGHTER?!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF SUCH
THINGS?! LOOK AT US. AND
SEE THE TRUE LEGACY OF
SLAUGHTER AND ATROCITY!
WE WERE NOT ALWAYS LIKE
THIS, FOOL-- NOT UNTIL
QUAN-ZARR ENTERED
THE LIVES OF OUR
MOTHERS AND FATHERS!

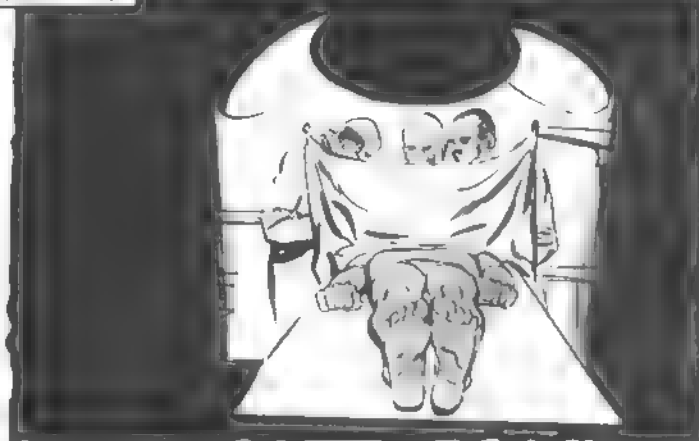
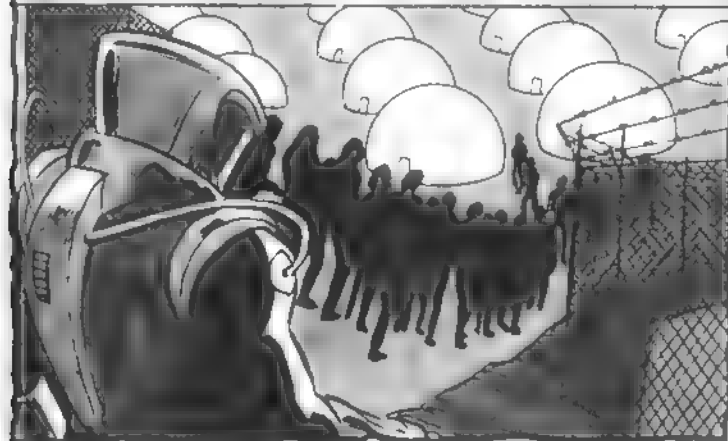
WH-WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

I MEAN THAT WHEN QUAN-
ZARR LOST HIS POWER-POSITION
AMONG THE TWELVE-WORLDS, AND
HAD TO SLINK AWAY IN DEFEAT,
HE CAME HERE TO OUR WORLD
OF REDSTONE-- AND HE TOOK
IT OUT ON US...

"...ON OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS, WHO WERE DEDICATED TO PEACE-- AND DEFENSELESS! HE NEEDED
A NEW BASE FROM WHICH HE COULD REBUILD HIS POWER, AND REDSTONE WAS THE EASIEST TO
TAKE! HE DESTROYED OUR GLEAMING CITIES, SHATTERED OUR CULTURE OF PEACE, AND STOLE OUR
PLANET FOR HIS OWN!

"YES, OUR ANCES-
TORS WERE HUMAN,
JUST LIKE YOU,
FROM THE SAME
COMMON STOCK
WHICH IS SO
PREVALENT IN THE
UNIVERSE-- AND
QUAN-ZARR VERY
NEARLY SLAUGH-
TERED EVERY LAST
ONE OF THEM!

"BUT HE WAS NOT UTTERLY WITHOUT MERCY HE ALLOWED A HANDFUL OF OUR RACE TO SURVIVE --
AND THREW THEM LIKE BONES TO HIS SCIENTISTS, WHO USED THEM -- OUR PARENTS -- AS
'SUBJECTS' IN THEIR RESEARCH ON GENETIC ENGINEERING! AND WHEN THE GENES WERE
SUFFICIENTLY ALTERED, THE 'SUBJECTS' WERE BRED LIKE ANIMALS -- SO THE SCIENTISTS COULD
EXAMINE THE RESULTS OF THEIR EUGENICS EXPERIMENTS!

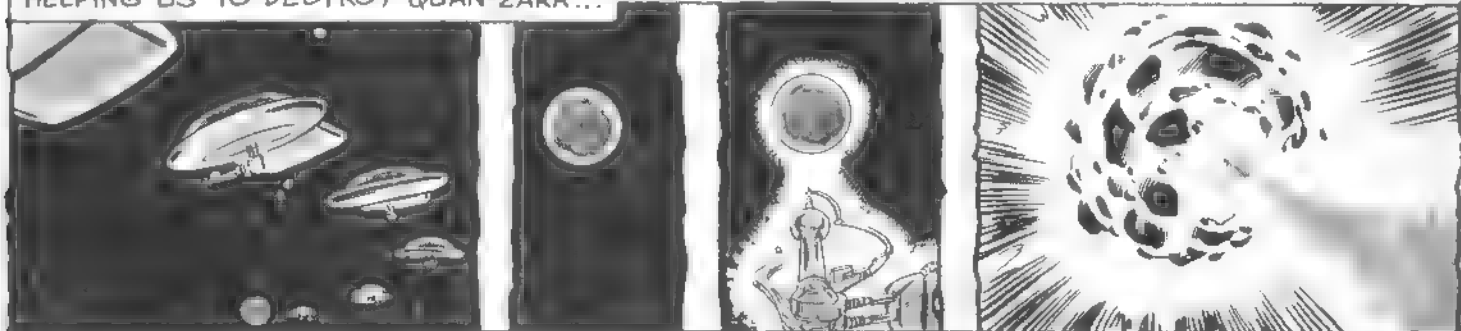




"AND THE RESULTS WERE ANIMALS-- US-- BEASTMEN!"

WE MATURED, SOME 500 OF US, AND WE ESCAPED HIS ZOO-LIKE CAPTIVITY-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE QUAN-ZARR'S SON HELPED US. SOME OF US WENT BERSERK, KILLING IN THE STREETS, AND MOST WERE THEMSELVES KILLED.

"AGAIN, IT WAS HIS SON WHO SAVED THE LAST 27 SURVIVORS-- HELPED US ESCAPE REDSTONE COMPLETELY, TO LIVE ON A MISERABLE PLANETOID TWO STAR-LEAGUES AWAY, A PLANETOID NOW DESTROYED THE SON KNEW HIS FATHER WAS EVIL, AND SOUGHT TO RELIEVE HIS OWN GUILT BY HELPING US TO DESTROY QUAN-ZARR..."



"HE PROVIDED US WITH A HALF-DOZEN FIGHTERS, FIVE OF WHICH YET REMAIN, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY THAN THAT, QUAN-ZARR'S SON USED HIS GENIUS (WHICH HIS FATHER HAD COUNTED ON TO REBUILD HIS OWN POWER) TO PROVIDE US WITH THE MEANS TO DESTROY AN ENTIRE WORLD..."

"... TO BUILD FOR US THE POWER-ROD QUAN-ZARR'S SON IS DEAD NOW..."



"... BUT THE LAST OF OUR FELLOW BEASTMEN ARE EN ROUTE NOW IN THE FIVE FIGHTERS, TO RENDEZVOUS WITH US FOR THE LOCATION OF THE POWER-ROD..."



THEN WE SHALL DESTROY QUAN-ZARR'S RACE JUST AS HE DESTROYED OURS-- JUST AS HIS SOLDIERS DESTROYED HIS OWN SON TO STEAL THE POWER-ROD FROM US!

I... I HAD NO IDEA! I WAS ALWAYS TOLD YOU WERE... EVIL!

YOU LIE!-- TO COVER UP YOUR OWN EVIL!!

I SWEAR TO YOU--
WE THOUGHT THIS
PLANET WAS UN-
POPULATED BEFORE
QUAN-ZARR
INVITED PIONEERS
TO COLONIZE
IT!



SHE'S TELLING
THE TRUTH. QUAN-
ZARR AND HIS SOLDIERS
MAY BE YOUR ENEMY,
BUT I'M CONVINCED
THE PEOPLE HERE
ARE INNOCENT, AND
I'M SURE THEY'D
WELCOME YOU BACK IF--

SILENCE!

NOW YOU HAVE ONLY A BRIEF
TIME IN WHICH YOU MAY
ESCAPE, OFF-WORLDER. SINCE
YOU DO NOT SHARE RED-
STONE'S LEGACY OF BLOOD
AND ATROCITY, YOU DO NOT
DESERVE TO DIE WITH THE
GIRL AND THE REST OF HER
RACE...



LEAVE WHILE YOU CAN-- FOR WE GO,
NOW, TO THE FORTRESS

USE THE SKIMMER
RADIO TO CALL DOWN
OUR FIGHTERS.

TOO LATE
IT'S OVER

HEAL HER
ARM,
WIDGETS--
STOP THE
BLEEDING

HEAL IT?
BUT HOW?



LASER-
SURGERY,
MADAM,
LACED
WITH ANTI-
BIOTICS--
A SIMPLE
CLEANSE
AND
CAUTERIZE
OPERATION.

OUCH.
TH-THANKS

BUT... WHAT NOW? WHAT
DO WE DO NOW?

I...
REALLY
DON'T
KNOW.



MEANWHILE, STREAKING ERRATICALLY BEYOND THE BRACE OF ORBIT.

THESE AUTOMATIC-REMOTES ARE STUBBORN AND UNTIRING-- BUT THEY'RE WEARING ME DOWN. CAN'T KEEP DODGING THEM FOREVER-- PETER MAY NEED ME--

GOT TO TRY SOME KIND OF PLOY-- SOME KIND OF TRICK TO CANCEL THEM OUT!

AND, NOW OVERLOOKING QUAN-ZARR'S FORTRESS...



LOOK! THE FIVE FIGHTERS-- THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE TRYING A SNEAK ATTACK ON THE FORTRESS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE--

I CAN'T, SYLVANA! I'VE SWORN NEVER TO KILL OR--

KILLING IS A WAY OF LIFE! ON RED-STONE, WE'VE LEARNED THAT BITTER FACT-- SOMETHING YOU ON THE MORE "ADVANCED" WORLDS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN--

-- UNTIL DEATH COMES UP AND STABS YOU IN THE HEART!



"YOU MUST KILL TO EAT-- KILL TO SURVIVE! IT'S AN INBUILT PART OF THE UNIVERSE'S SCHEME!"

"IF YOU'RE ATTACKED, YOU MUST KILL TO PRESERVE YOUR OWN LIFE!"

"DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?! KILLING SHOULD NEVER BE WANTON-- BUT WHEN IT IS, IT MUST NOT BE IGNORED!"

LISTEN TO ME! NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PITY THOSE BEASTMEN--

--IF YOU DON'T STOP THEM, NOW, BEFORE THEY GET THE POWER-ROD, THEN WE WILL ALL DIE!

EVERYONE ON THIS PLANET--
MOST OF WHOM ARE
INNOCENT-- WILL DIE!!
AND YOU WILL BE AIDING
IN THEIR MURDER-- IN
THE SLAUGHTER OF
MILLIONS!!

THE WORDS
STRIKE HOME,
DEEPLY HOME,
AND STAR-LORD
IS CHILLED...
WHILE PETER
QUILL IS
HORRIFIED

HE STARES DOWN AT
THE FORTRESS, HIS
EYES PANICKING AT
THE SIGHT

THE ASSAULT AND DEFENSE THE
ATTACK AND COUNTER-ATTACK,
THE SLAMMED FORTRESS AND
CRASHING FIGHTERS, THE SMOKE
EXPLOSIONS, CARNAGE, THE
SOLDIERS BLASTED FROM THE
RAMPARTS FALLING IN SCREAMS,
THE SHRIEK OF SHATTERED
FIGHTERS PLUING FROM THE
SKY

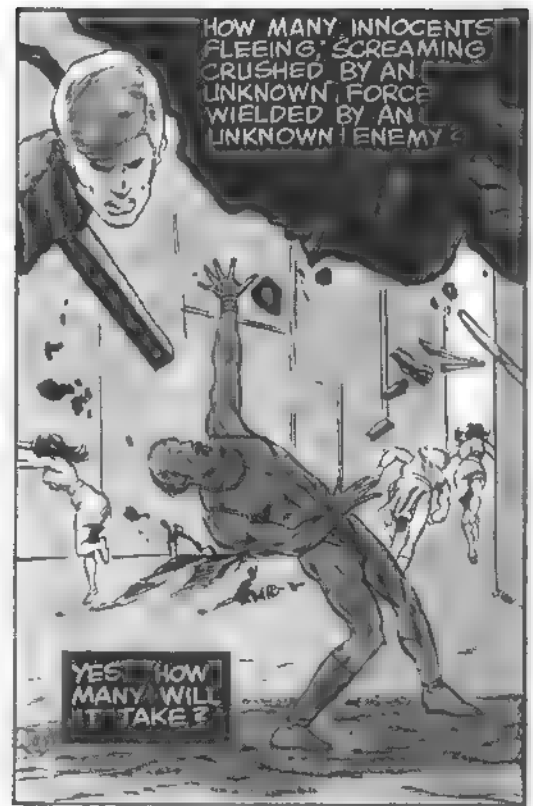
IT HAS ALL HAPPENED TOO FAST
AND HE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO STOP
IT AND IT SHAKES HIM TO THE
CORE OF MANY DOUBTS

IT TAKES HIM BACK TO
OTHER VIOLENCE, OTHER
HORRORS ALL SCREAMING
FROM THE DARK
CORNERS OF HIS
MEMORY

BACK TO THE MURDER OF HIS MOTHER AND HIS OBSESSION WITH VENGEANCE TO THE ONE WHO
MADE HIM STAR-LORD AND TAUGHT HIM THAT HIS OBSESSION WAS WRONG, BUT WHO SAID
NOTHING ABOUT THE MORALITY OF KILLING IN OTHER SITUATIONS, INDEED WHO GAVE HIM A
WEAPON CAPABLE OF KILLING TO BE USED AS HIS CONSCIENCE DICTATED, BUT CAN HIS
CONSCIENCE EVER DICTATE A SITUATION IN WHICH KILLING IS RIGHT?

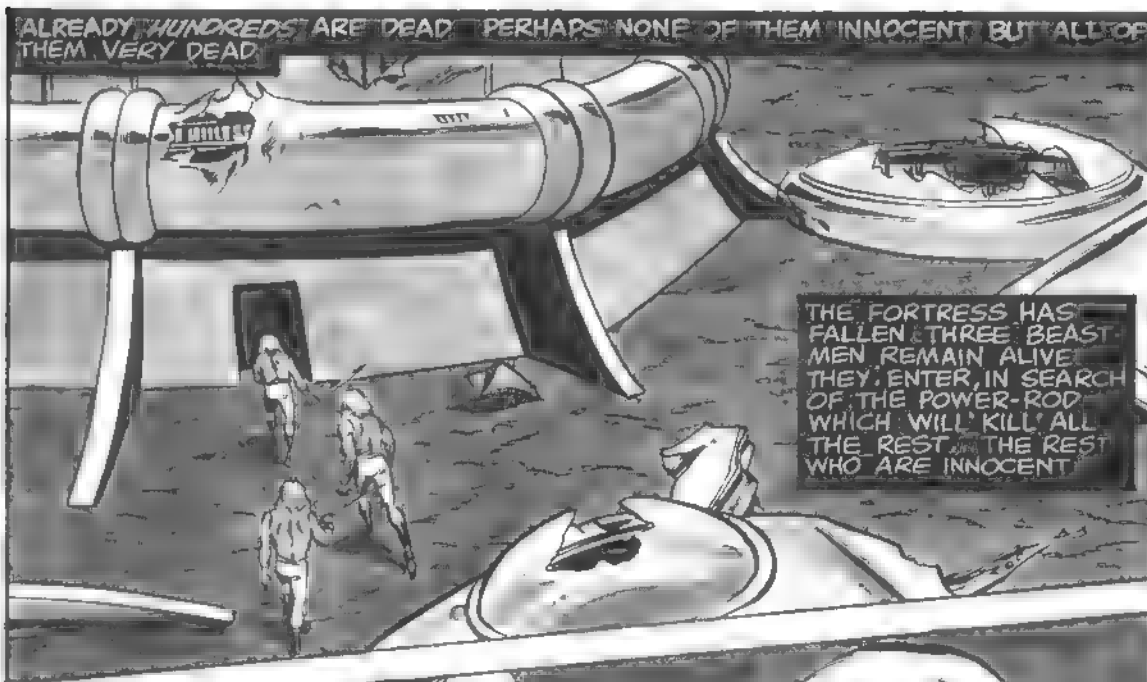


WILL IT TAKE THE DEATH OF AN
ENTIRE CITY-- SWALLOWED
WHOLE AS THE PLANET IS
RIPPED APART INTO THE
COLLAPSE OF THE CRATER
THAT ONCE PROTECTED IT?



HOW MANY INNOCENTS
FLEEING, SCREAMING
CRUSHED BY AN
UNKNOWN FORCE
WIELDED BY AN
UNKNOWN ENEMY?

YES-- HOW
MANY WILL
IT TAKE?



ALREADY HUNDREDS ARE DEAD. PERHAPS NONE OF THEM INNOCENT, BUT ALL OF
THEM VERY DEAD.

THE FORTRESS HAS
FALLEN. THREE BEAST
MEN REMAIN ALIVE.
THEY ENTER, IN SEARCH
OF THE POWER ROD,
WHICH WILL KILL ALL
THE REST-- THE REST
WHO ARE INNOCENT.



SYLVANA IS NEARLY
DRAINED, BUT FAR
FROM FINISHED.

YOU
REFUSED
TO KILL
THEM BEFORE,
ON THE PLAIN--



--AND LOOK
WHAT YOUR
DECISION HAS
LED TO! TENFOLD
DEATH BELOW
US AND MORE TO
COME-- IF YOU
DON'T FORGET
ABOUT YOUR
STUPID,
SELFISH
VOW AND
STOP
THEM!!

I BEG YOU--
SAVE MY PLANET--
SAVE MY PEOPLE--
SAVE THE INNOCENTS!

Y-YES

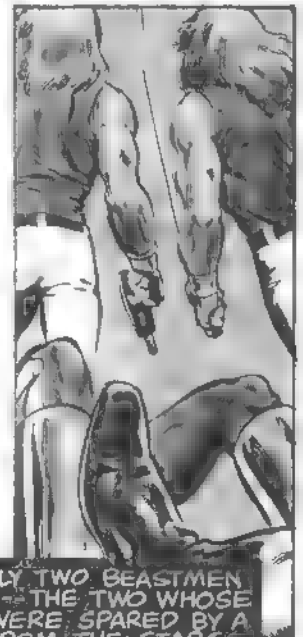
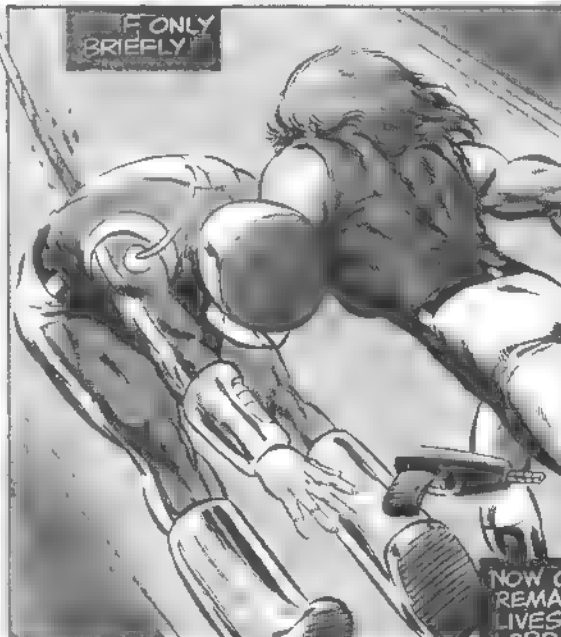
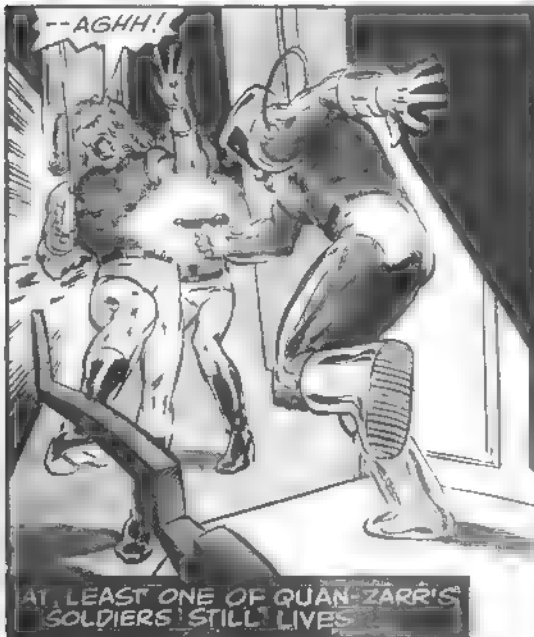
THE POWER
ROD--
ALL OF IT--
HAS FINALLY
COME UP AND
STABBED HIM
IN THE HEART.

HE KNOWS HE WILL NEVER RECOVER BUT HE ALSO KNOWS THERE IS A WORSE KIND OF MALAISE NOT OF THE HEART BUT OF THE SOUL



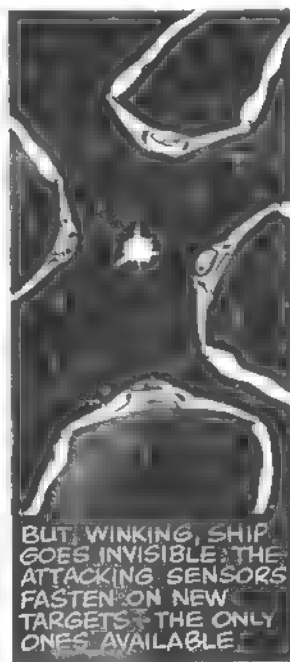
HIS DECISION TO SAVE ONE LIFE SYLVANA'S AND TO SPARE TWO OTHERS THE BEASTMEN HAS JEOPARDIZED MILLIONS. IT WAS THE WORST DECISION OF HIS LIFE

QUICKLY--THE POWER-ROD WILL BE IN QUAN-ZARR'S PERSONAL CHAMBER. WE MUST--



QUAN-ZARR'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS THE LAST SOLDIER FALLS, TAKING ONE OF THE BEASTMEN WITH HIM





IN THE GUTTED
FORTRESS, A
BESTIAL HAND
REACHES FOR
THE ULTIMATE
ULTIMATE
POWER.





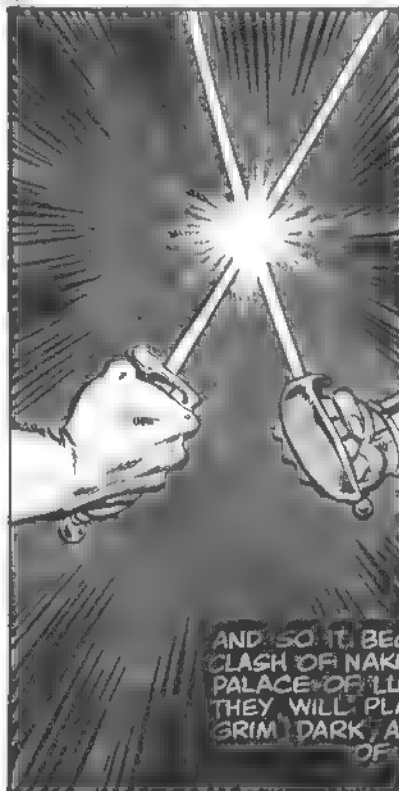
THE BEASTMAN
QUIVERS WITH
A RAGE SO
BESTIAL THAT
HE BECOMES
HUMAN.

NO-- MY RACE NO
LONGER EXISTS. I AM
ONLY A MOCKERY OF
THAT RACE-- THE RACE
OF PROUD, PEACEFUL
PEOPLE HE
SLAUGHTERED...

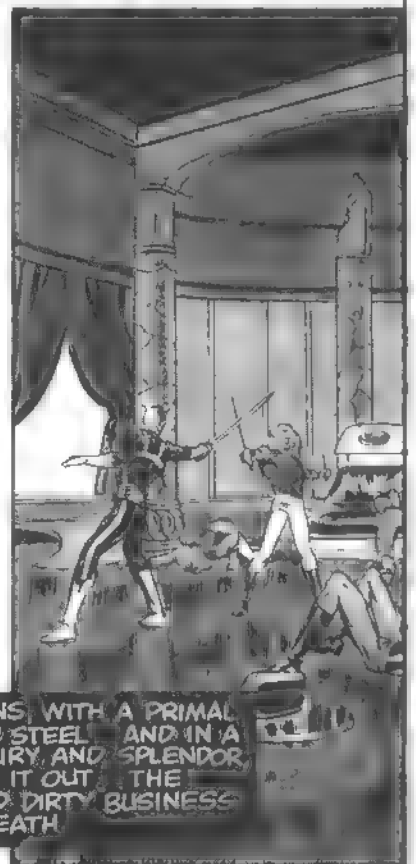
...I DEMAND THE RIGHT
TO SLAUGHTER HIS!



THE BEASTMAN
LUNGES, FORCING IT.
FORCING THE FIGHT
PETER QUILL KNEW
WOULD BE INEVITABLE.



AND SO IT BEGINS WITH A PRIMAL
CLASH OF NAKED STEEL AND IN A
PALACE OF LUXURY AND SPLENDOR
THEY WILL PLAY IT OUT THE
GRIM DARK AND DIRTY BUSINESS
OF DEATH



AFTER ALL THE SPRAWLING CARNAGE THE WHOLESALE DEATH ENGINEERED BY SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY IT COMES DOWN TO THIS THE TWO OF THEM



THE POWER-ROD IS MINE, OFF-WORLDER, THOUGH I CAN NOT YET DRAW UPON ITS VAST POWER I WILL STILL CONQUER LEGIONS TO KEEP IT.

IT COMES DOWN TO THE THRESHOLD OF MADNESS FOR STAR-LORD IS ALREADY THE LOSER



THE LOSER BECAUSE HE THOUGHT HE HAD ATTAINED A PLANE HIGHER THAN KILLING

... AND NOW HE HAS GLIMPSED THE PLANE BEYOND, WHERE KILLING IS THE ONLY HUMANE CHOICE.



IS THE BEAST TOO MUCH OF AN OPPONENT FOR YOU, HUMAN?



OR DO YOU WEEP FOR THE BEAST FOUND IN YOUR OWN BREAST?



IT IS THIS REALIZATION, THIS DISILLUSIONMENT THAT PLACES HIM IN MORTAL DANGER



FAR GREATER THAN THAT FROM HIS OPPONENT'S BLADE



AND FINALLY, IT COMES DOWN TO THIS: THE UNTHINKABLE.

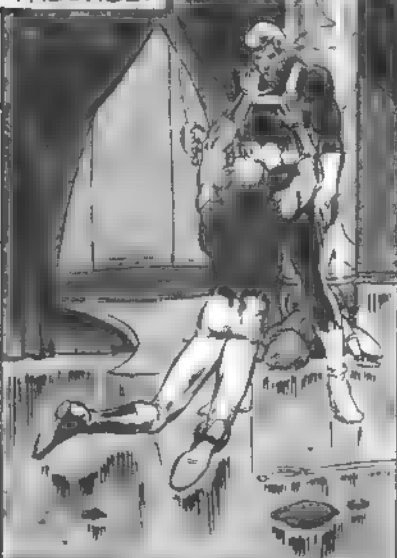
A HIDEOUS MOMENT FROZEN FOREVER IN A JAGGED CRYSTAL OF TIME, EVER MARKING THE *TURNING POINT*.

THE TURNING POINT--A PHRASE NOW REVERTING TO ITS ORIGINAL, GHASTLY MEANING...

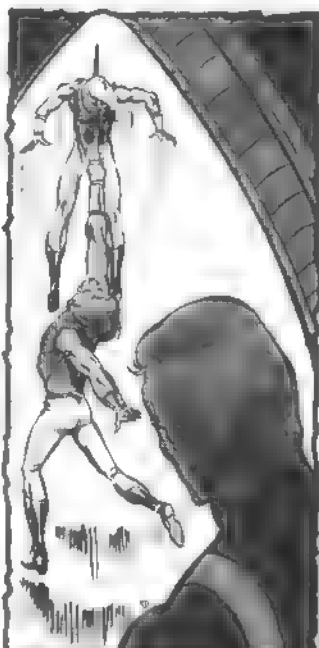
THE TURNING POINT OF STAR-LORD'S LIFE...

... AND OF A BEASTMAN'S DEATH.

AND YET, THIS LAST MOVE THE CREATURE WILL EVER MAKE--THIS LONG SLOW SLUMP TOWARD DEATH-- DOES NOT MARK THE PASSAGE.



THE REAL TURNING POINT WAS PASSED TEN MINUTES EARLIER, WHEN HE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY AND WATCHED.



STILL UNABLE TO INTERVENE, SAYING NOT A WORD, AS THE BEASTMAN KILLED QUAN-ZARR.

SYLVANA WAS RIGHT-- IT WAS THE SAME AS KILLING WITH MY OWN HANDS...



IF NOT WORSE.



EPISODE SHIP HAS ARRIVED FINALLY TOO LATE TO HELP TO LATE TO STEM THE INEVITABLE
IT WAS HER ENERGY THAT LAID OPEN THE GRAVE IN THE BLACK PLAINS

THE BROKEN
POWER-ROD
WAS PETER
QUILL'S
DOING

LATER WHEN BOTH BEASTMAN AND OBSESSION HAVE BEEN
SEALED FROM THE SUN TWO FIGURES WALK SLOWLY BACK
TO SHIP THENCE TO THE CRATERED CITY SYLVANA'S
VOICE IS WISE ENOUGH TO BE SOFT

I WANT TO THANK
YOU, STAR-LORD YOU'VE
DONE MORE FOR MY WORLD
THAN ANYONE SHOULD
EVER BE ASKED TO DO...

YOU...
YOU'VE
DESTROYED
YOURSELF...

...OR AT LEAST WHAT YOU WERE
AND NOW YOU MUST PICK UP THE
PIECES AND TRY TO SHAPE A NEW
SELF -- ONE YOU CAN STILL LIVE
WITH.

SHE'S
RIGHT,
PETER...

I SENSE THAT
YOU'RE A VERY
DIFFERENT
PERSON, NOW...

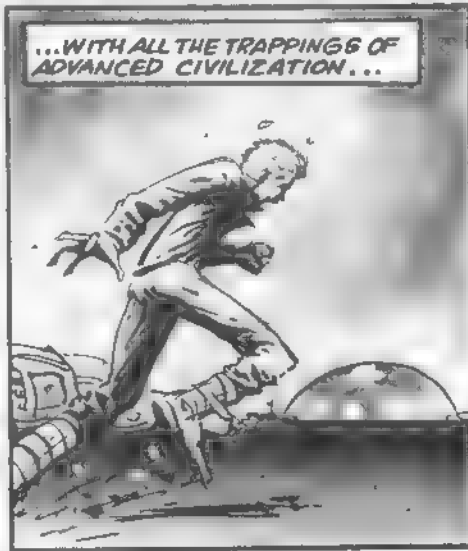
...OR PERHAPS
SIMPLY COME TO
ACCEPT THE
PERSON YOU'VE
ALWAYS BEEN WE
HAVE A LOT TO
TALK ABOUT.

PERHAPS "SHIP"...
BUT FIRST COMES
THE THINKING.
PLEASE I'VE GOT
A LOT TO THINK
ABOUT.

AND IF THE TRAGIC BEING HE HAS
ELAIN WAS LESS THAN HUMAN, AND
YET SO MUCH MORE THEN PERHAPS
HE IS THE SAME MORE OR LESS

Prologue:

THE FAR FUTURE, A
DISTANT PLANET...





INTO THE SHOP

Script: RON GOULART
Art: STEVE BISSETTE & RICK VEITCH



HERE'S A
LAW BUREAU
ANNOUNCEMENT
SHELDON KLOOG,
NOTORIOUS KILLER
HAS JUST BEEN
CAPTURED BY
LAWAGON 203.

TRIAL HAS
BEEN HELD,
A VERDICT OF
GUILTY BROUGHT
IN AND THE DEATH
SENTENCE
CARRIED OUT.
THANK
YOU.



MARSHAL
CLEMENS
FLASHES
HIS ID
PACKET...

...AND GIVES
THE DAY'S
PASSWORD
AND OATH
OF FEALTY.



GOOD
JOB,
203

HOW'D
YOU SPOT
KLOOG?

SAW HIM
SKULKING
TOWARD THE
CAFE, SIR. HE
WASN'T EVEN
DISGUISED.



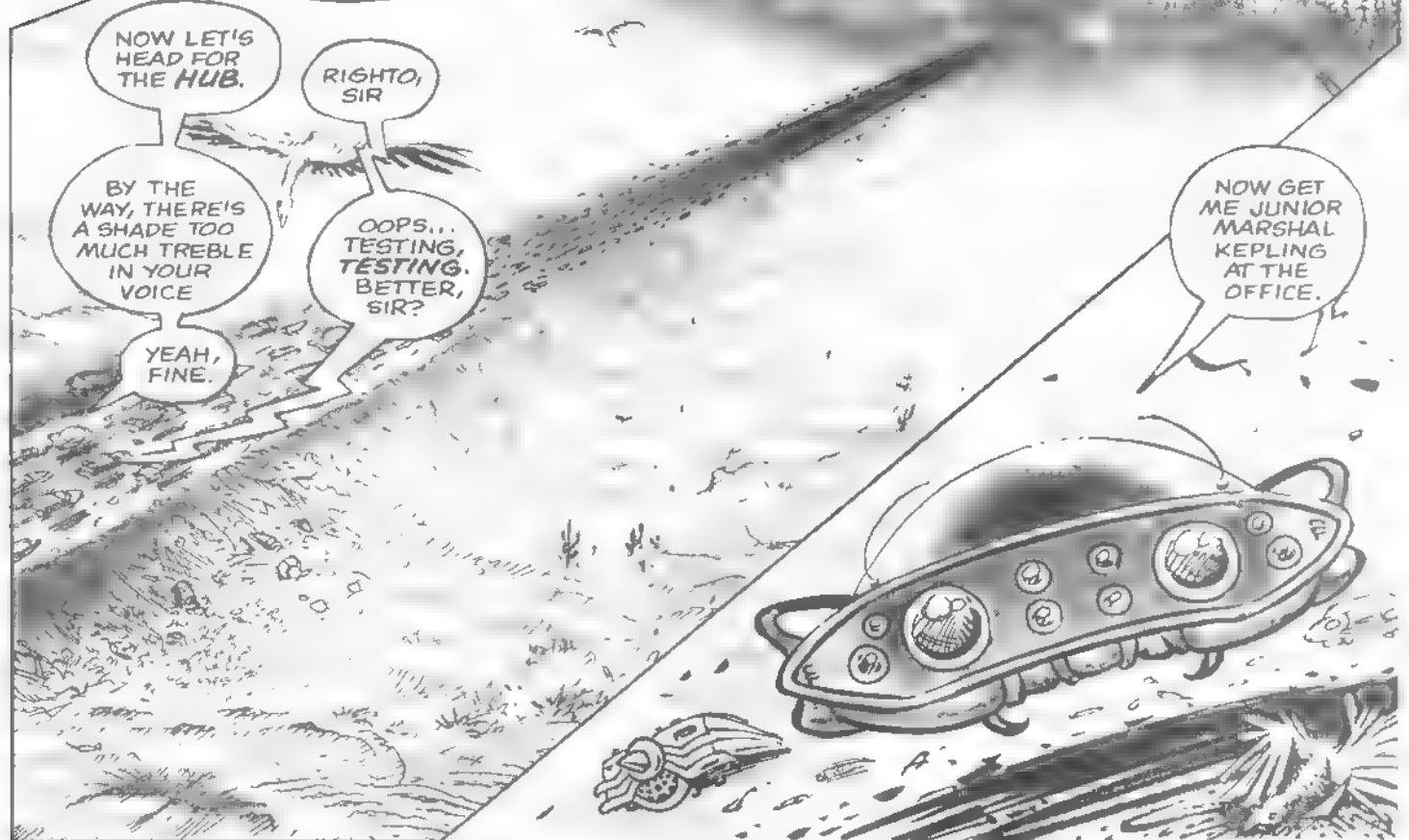
RIGHT
HERE,
SIR

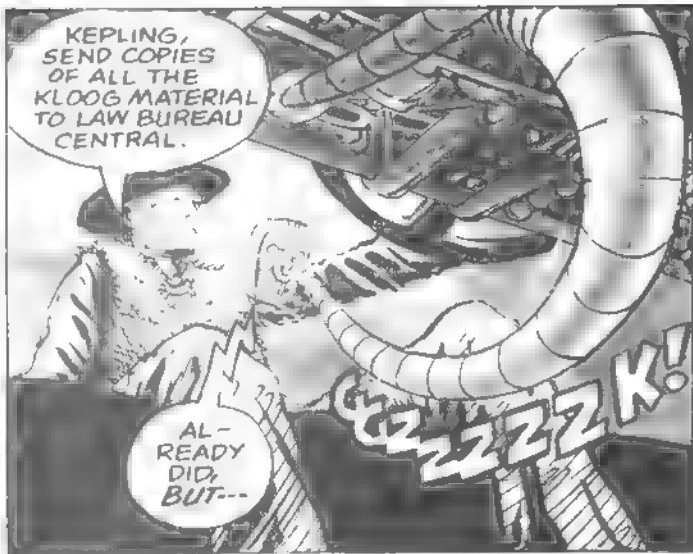
EARTHLY REMAINS
OF
SHELDON
KLOOG

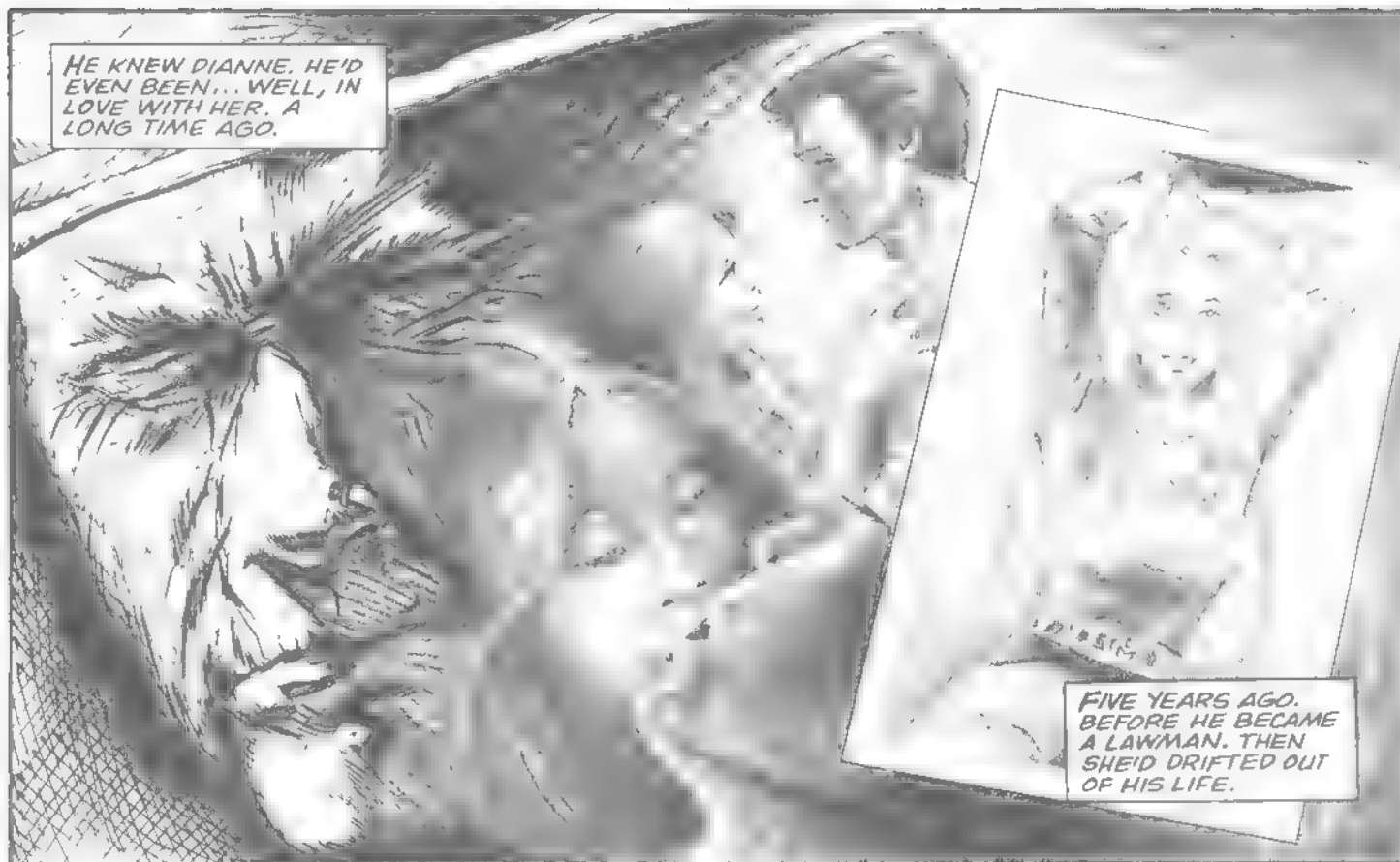


WE'VE BEEN HUNTING KLOOG A LONG TIME.

GLAD WE FINALLY GOT HIM.







HE KNEW DIANNE. HE'D
EVEN BEEN... WELL, IN
LOVE WITH HER. A
LONG TIME AGO.

FIVE YEARS AGO.
BEFORE HE BECAME
A LAWMAN. THEN
SHE'D DRIFTED OUT
OF HIS LIFE.



I'LL
HANDLE
THIS ONE
MYSELF!

WE'LL
HEAD FOR
TOWNTEN. KEEP
ME FILLED IN,
KEPLING.



LISTEN,
THERE'S
ONE OTHER
THING...

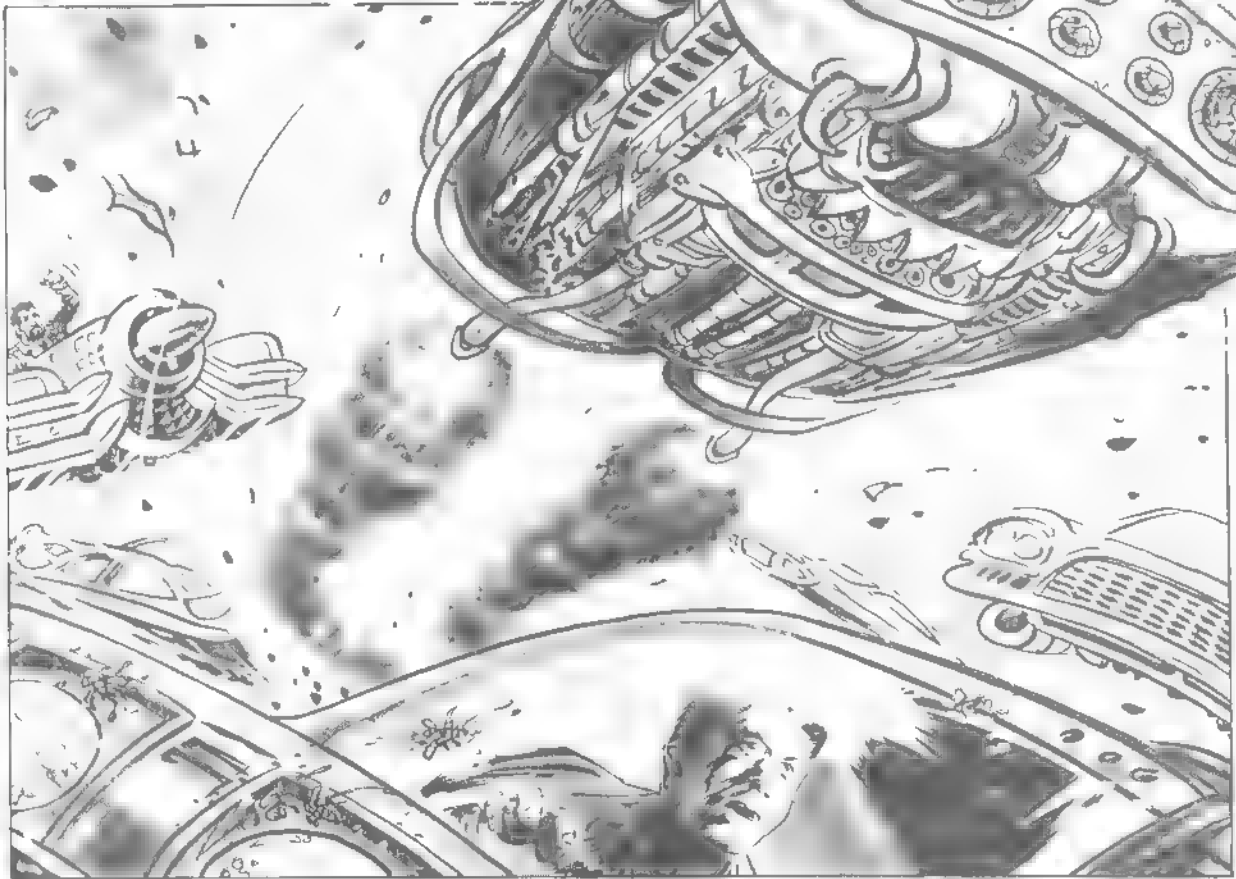
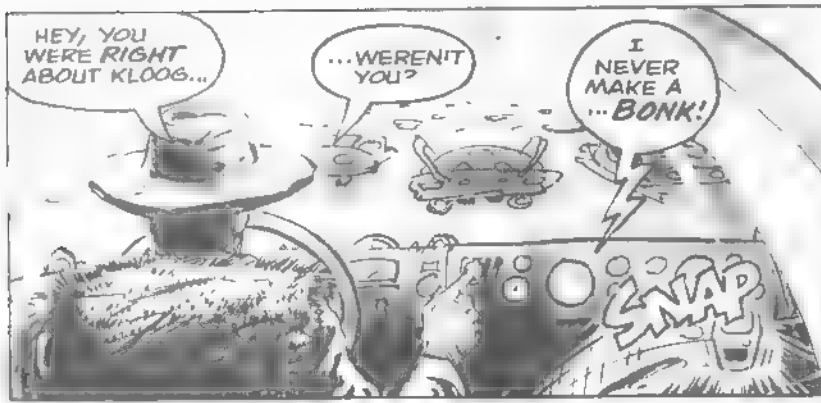
ABOUT
THE
GIRL?

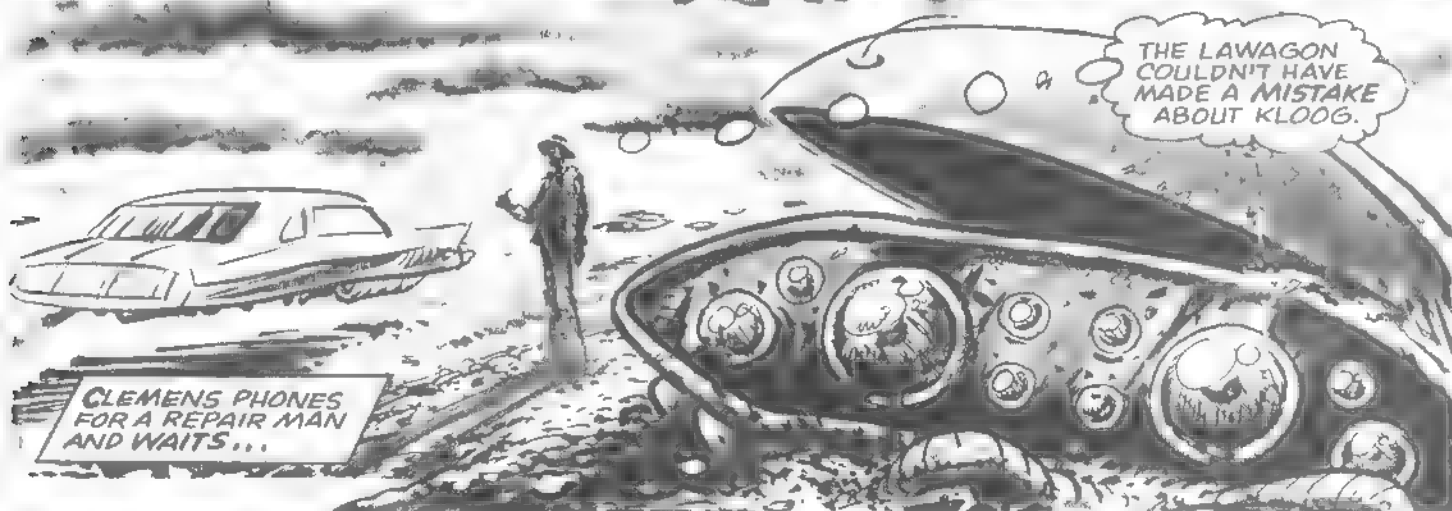
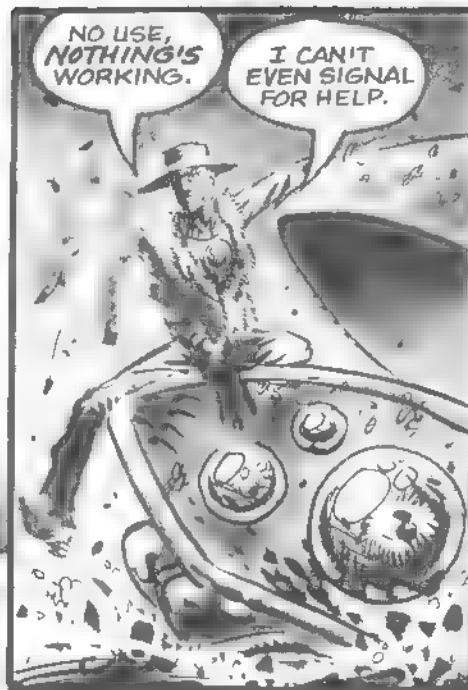
NO, ABOUT
SHELDON
KLOOG...
CENTRAL
SAYS HE'S
STILL AT
LARGE!

LIKE
HELL! WE
CAUGHT
HIM!

BUT
NONE OF
THE STUFF
YOU SENT
MATCHES
HIS **ID**
PATTERN!

IMPOSSIBLE!
THIS CAR
DOESN'T MAKE
MISTAKES!



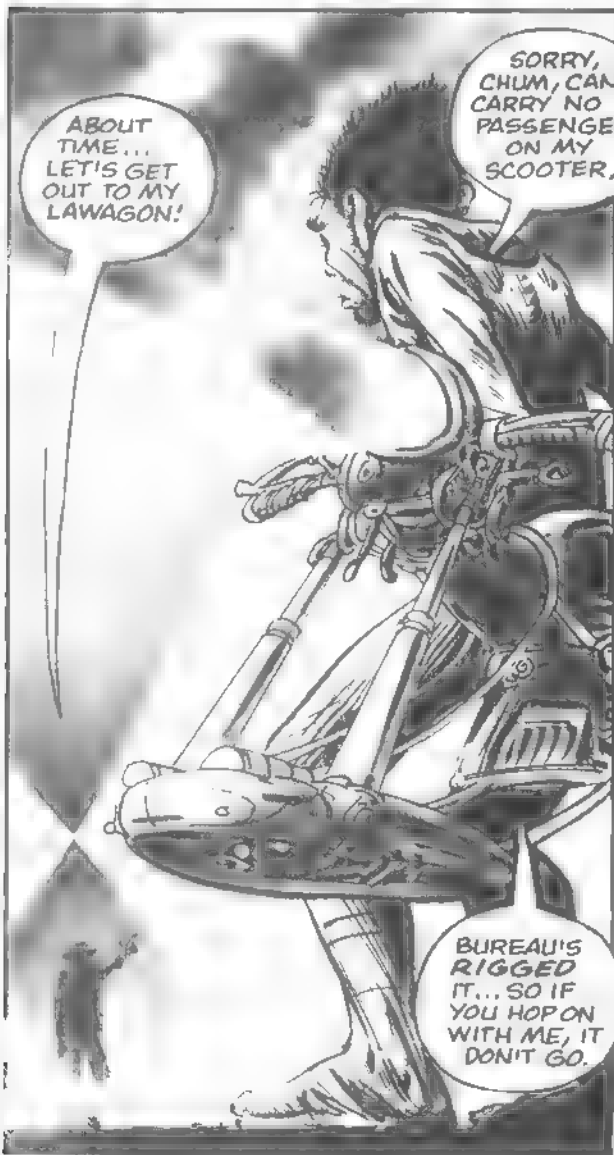




FORGET ABOUT KLOOG, IT'S DIANNE WHO NEEDS HELP NOW.

BUT WHEN THIS IS OVER... THE LAWAGON'S GOT TO GO INTO THE SHOP FOR A COMPLETE CHECKUP.

WELL, THERE'S THE DAMN REPAIR GUY FINALLY.



ABOUT TIME... LET'S GET OUT TO MY LAWAGON!

SORRY, CHUM, CAN'T CARRY NO PASSENGERS ON MY SCOOTER.

BUREAU'S RIGGED IT... SO IF YOU HOPON WITH ME, IT DON'T GO.



LISTEN, I'M GOOD AT FIXING THESE BABIES...

...I'LL HAVE YOUR CRATE FOR YOU BY MORNING.



MORNING? DON'T GIVE ME THAT!

YOU BREAK MY ARM, CHUM, I CAN'T FIX IT AT ALL.





REPORTING
FOR DUTY,
SIR!

SHIPSHAPE
AND READY
FOR ACTION!

WHERE'S
THAT NITWIT
REPAIRMAN?



WHY'D
HE SEND
YOU BACK
ALONE?



OH,
I SAW
THROUGH
HIM,
SIR.

SHALL I
PROCEED TO
TOWNTEN?

YEAH,
AND
QUICK!

BUT
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN
ABOUT--



SHELDON
KLOOG WON'T
BOTHER US
ANYMORE,
SIR!

REMAINS OF
SHELDON KLOOG

EARTHLY REMAINS OF
SHELDON KLOOG

HE WAS
DISGUISED
AS A REPAIR-
MAN, BUT I
TOOK CARE
OF HIM!



LORD!
THIS THING'S
STILL ON THE
BLINK!

THING
IS... I
NEED THIS
DAMN CAR!



ONCE DIANNE'S
SAFE... THEN THE
LAWAGON'LL HAVE
TO GO INTO
THE SHOP.

BUT
NOT
NOW.

GOOD
WORK,
203!

IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS CLEMENS' LAWAGON FOUND OTTERSON'S CAR...

...ENGINE BURNED OUT AND ABANDONED OFF A WOODLAND ROAD.



MAN AND WOMAN WENT THIS WAY ON FOOT, SIR.

OKAY, GOOD, LET'S FIND 'EM!

WE WILL, SIR. IT'S A CINCH!



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, SIR. THEY'RE IN THOSE CAVES UP THERE.

CAN'T SNEAK UP ON HIM...

SO, OKAY. TURN ON THE SPOTS AND THE LOUD-SPEAKERS.

OTTERSON, THIS IS MARSHAL CLEMENS. WE KNOW YOU'RE UP THERE!

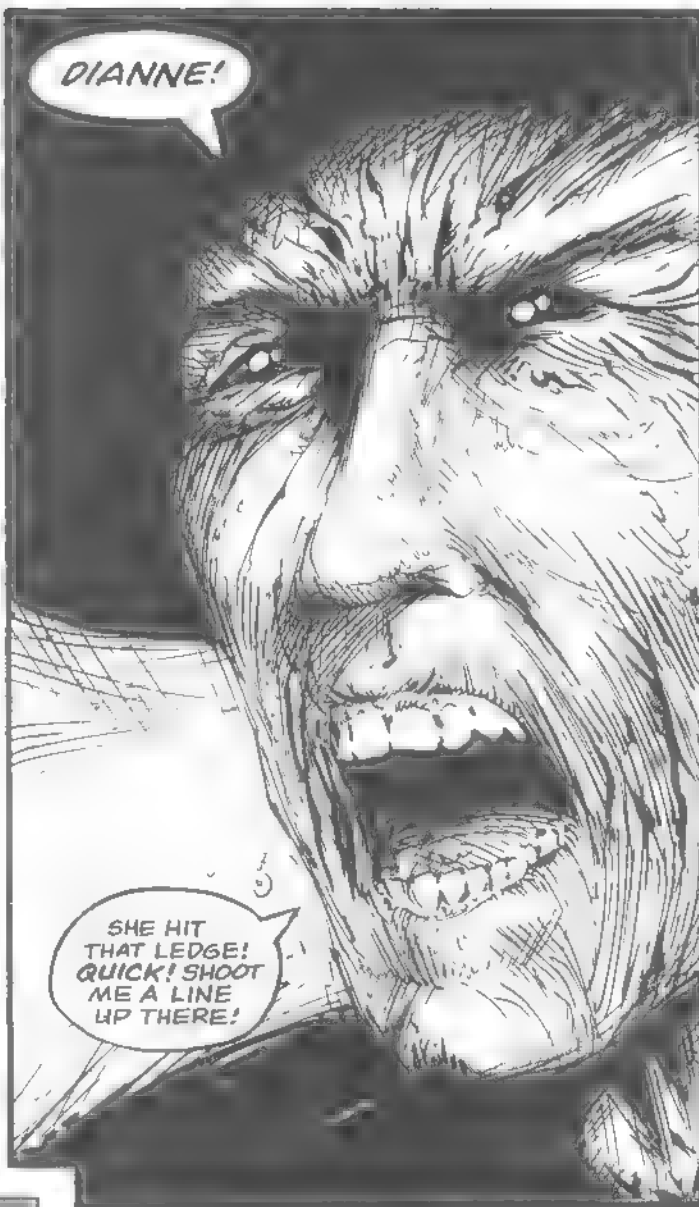
WE'LL CHECK OUT EACH CAVE IF WE HAVE TO... BETTER GIVE UP NOW!





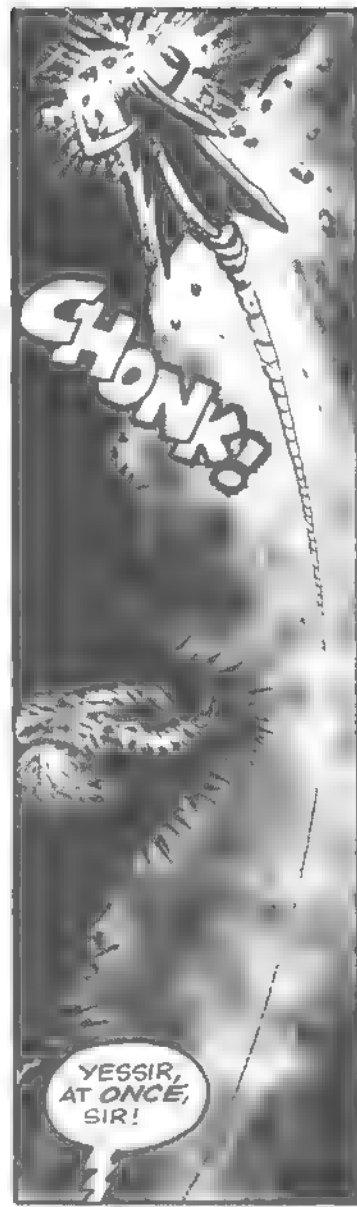
HE'S
TOSSING
SOME-
THING...

LOOKS
LIKE
ITS...



DIANNE!

SHE HIT
THAT LEDGE!
QUICK! SHOOT
ME A LINE
UP THERE!



CHONK!

YESSIR,
AT ONCE,
SIR!



WASN'T
MUCH OF
A FALL...

...SHE'LL
BE ALIVE.



HELL!
JUST A
BUNDLE OF
CLOTHES!

HE'S
TRYING TO
OUTFOX
US!





THERE THEY
WERE BELOW...

...OTTERSON
AND DIANNE.

HEY,
I'VE GOT
TO GET
DOWN
THERE!

SEND
BACK
THE
ROPE!

BUT THEN
HE LOST
HIS HOLD
AND...

...FELL
DOWN
AND
OUT!



CLEMENS
CAME TO
REMEMBER-
ING SOME-
THING...



HE'D HEARD
A SCREAM...
JUST BEFORE
HE PASSED
OUT.

WHERE
ARE THEY?
WHERE'S
DIANNE?



ATTENTION,
PLEASE! THIS
IS A LAW BUREAU
ANNOUNCE-
MENT.

SHELDON
KLOOG AND
HIS FEMALE
ACCOMPLICE HAVE
BEEN CAPTURED,
TRIED, SEN-
TENCED AND
EXECUTED.

YOU
CRAZY
DAMN
MACHINE!

YOU
KILLED
DIANNE!

NO YOU
DON'T,
KLOOG!



END



FEW PEOPLE AT PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY KNOW ABOUT THE TEMPORAL BARRIER PROJECT. FEWER CARE. WHEN PROFESSOR LESTER CLEMENT RECEIVED HIS FEDERAL GRANT TEN YEARS AGO, THERE HAD BEEN A BRIEF FLURRY OF INTEREST. THEN, CLEMENT'S PROJECT FADED FROM THE PUBLIC'S ATTENTION.

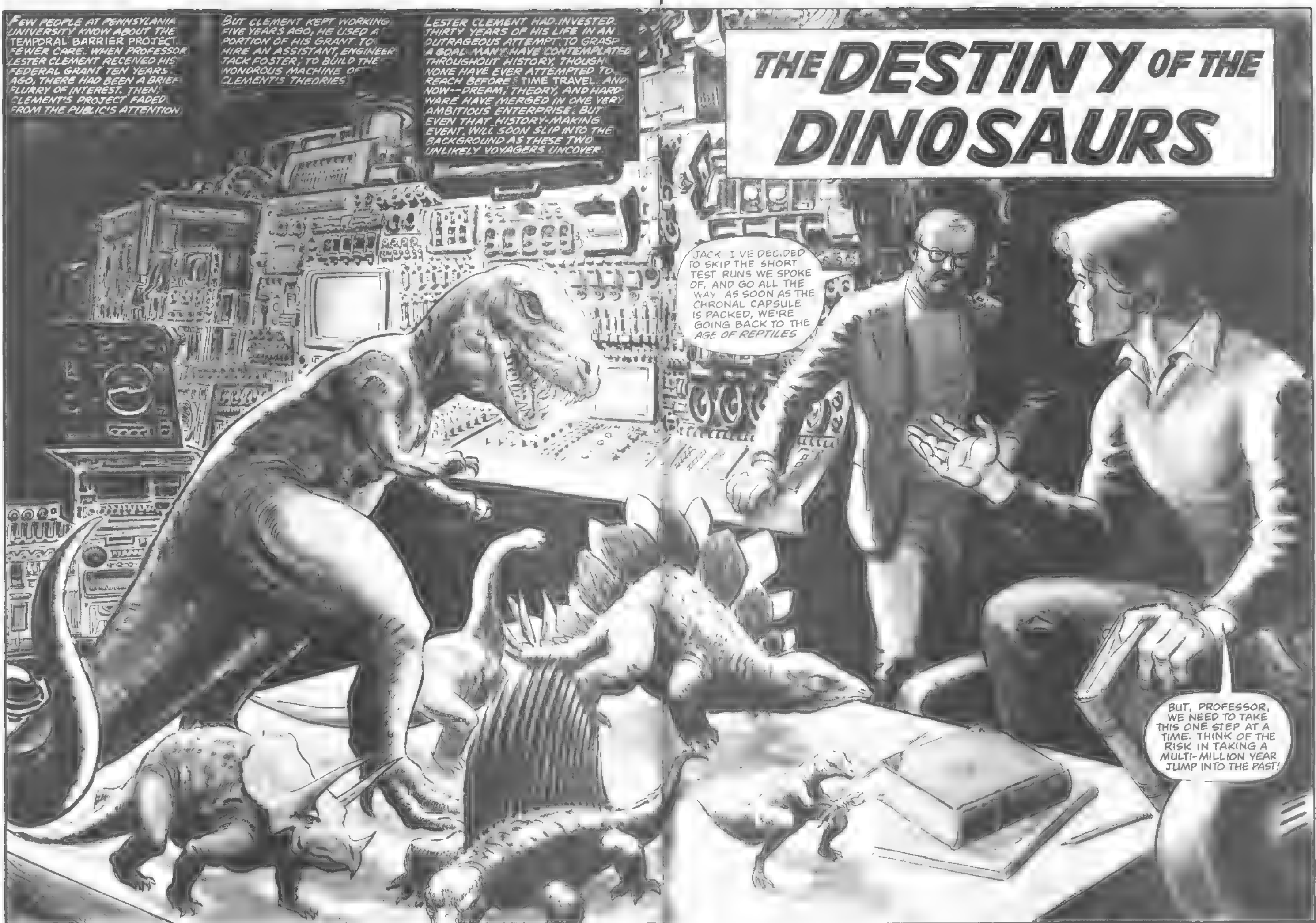
BUT CLEMENT KEPT WORKING. FIVE YEARS AGO, HE USED A PORTION OF HIS GRANT TO HIRE AN ASSISTANT, ENGINEER JACK FOSTER, TO BUILD THE WONDROUS MACHINE OF CLEMENT'S THEORIES.

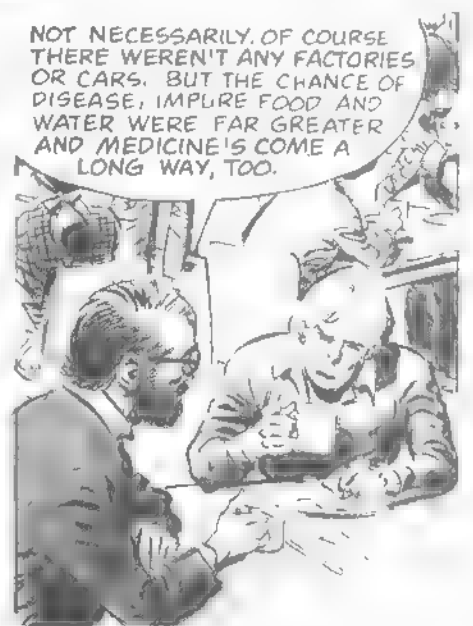
LESTER CLEMENT HAD INVESTED THIRTY YEARS OF HIS LIFE IN AN OUTRAGEOUS ATTEMPT TO GRASP A GOAL MANY HAVE CONTEMPLATED THROUGHOUT HISTORY, THOUGH NONE HAVE EVER ATTEMPTED TO REACH BEFORE: TIME TRAVEL. AND NOW--DREAM, THEORY, AND HARDWARE HAVE MERGED IN ONE VERY AMBITIOUS ENTERPRISE. BUT EVEN THAT HISTORY-MAKING EVENT WILL SOON SLIP INTO THE BACKGROUND AS THESE TWO UNLIKELY VOYAGERS UNCOVER.

THE DESTINY OF THE DINOSAURS

JACK I'VE DECIDED TO SKIP THE SHORT TEST RUNS WE SPOKE OF, AND GO ALL THE WAY AS SOON AS THE CHRONAL CAPSULE IS PACKED, WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE AGE OF REPTILES

BUT, PROFESSOR, WE NEED TO TAKE THIS ONE STEP AT A TIME. THINK OF THE RISK IN TAKING A MULTI-MILLION YEAR JUMP INTO THE PAST!





DAYS LATER, A JOURNEY WHICH MEN CONCEIVE OF ONLY AS PUREST FANCY BEGINS IN EARNEST REALITY.

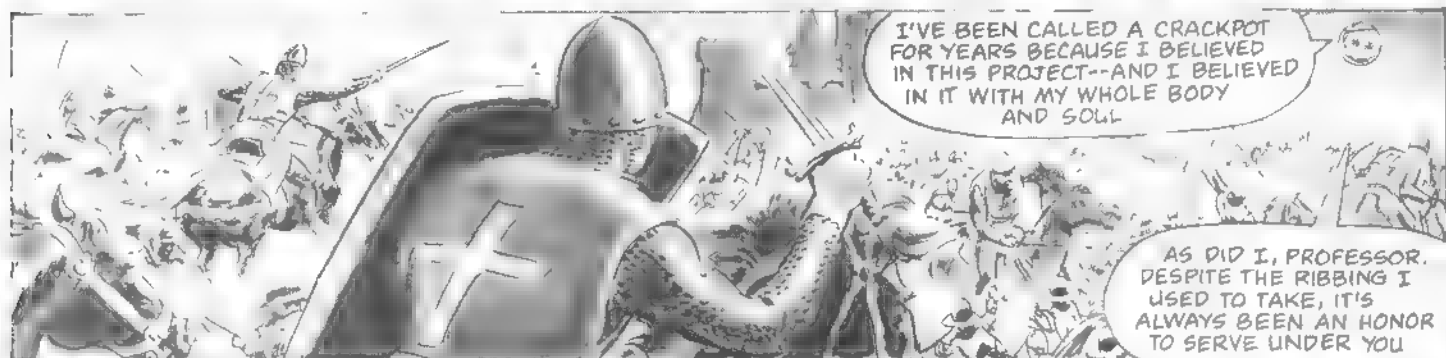
WE'LL MAKE SOME BRIEF STOPS ALONG THE WAY AND RECORD WHAT WE SEE. WE'LL NEED ALL THE PROOF WE CAN GET, SO THEY DON'T HAVE US LOCKED UP WHEN WE GET BACK.



I'M GETTING ALL THIS ON FILM, JACK. INCREDIBLE-- THE ACTUAL SHIPS OF COLUMBUS SAILING TO THE NEW WORLD! IN ITS OWN WAY, NO LESS A FEAT OF INGENUITY THAN WHAT WE'RE DOING.



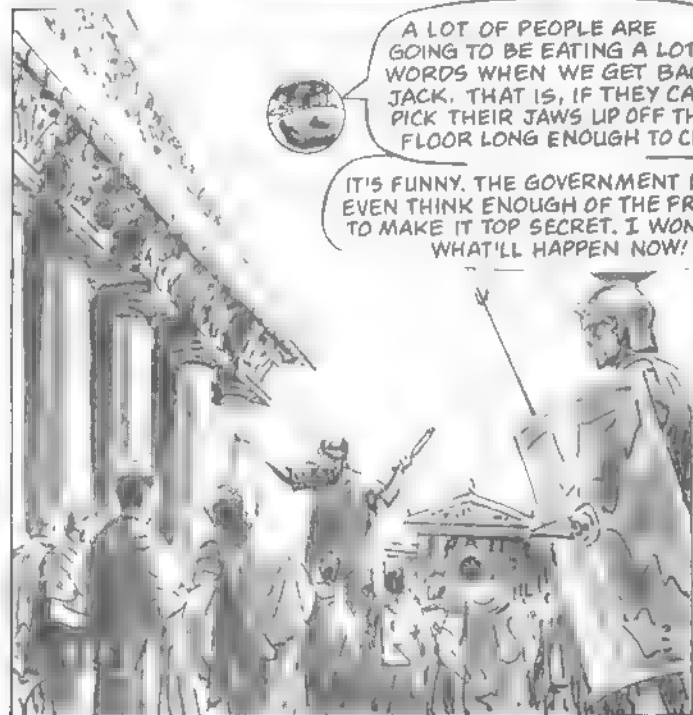
I'VE BEEN CALLED A CRACKPOT FOR YEARS BECAUSE I BELIEVED IN THIS PROJECT--AND I BELIEVED IN IT WITH MY WHOLE BODY AND SOUL



AS DID I, PROFESSOR. DESPITE THE RIBBING I USED TO TAKE, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN AN HONOR TO SERVE UNDER YOU

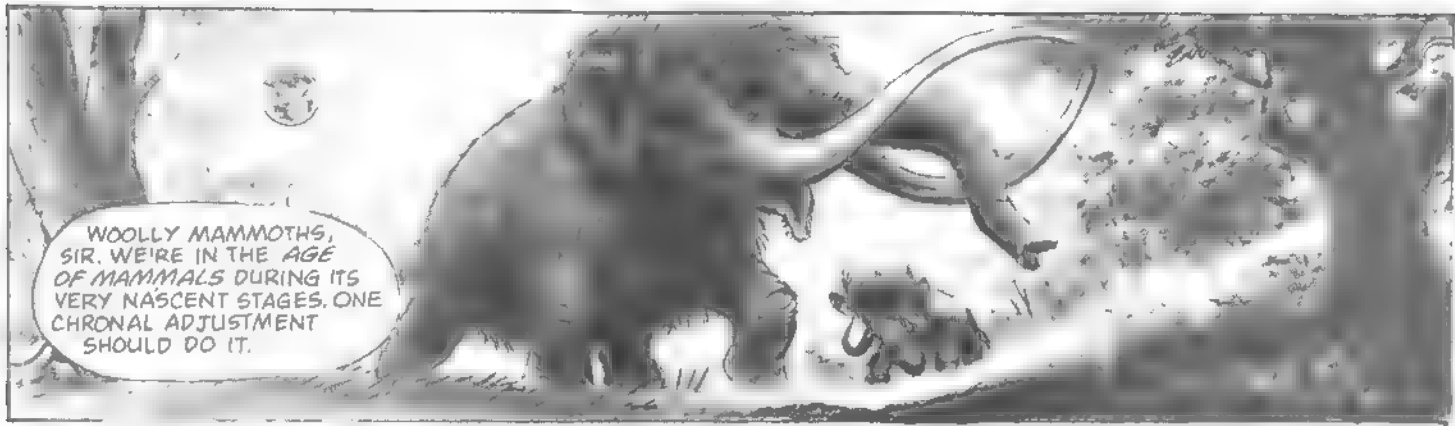
A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE EATING A LOT OF WORDS WHEN WE GET BACK, JACK. THAT IS, IF THEY CAN PICK THEIR JAWS UP OFF THE FLOOR LONG ENOUGH TO CHEW

IT'S FUNNY. THE GOVERNMENT DIDN'T EVEN THINK ENOUGH OF THE PROJECT TO MAKE IT TOP SECRET. I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN NOW!



CAVEMEN, SIR! WE'RE GETTING CLOSE!







THE TIME SPHERE
SHOULD BE SAFE IN
THE ROOTS OF THIS HUGE
PLANT. WE HAVE TO GET
CLOSER AND FIND OUT
WHAT'S GOING ON



FOSTER--THAT DINOSAUR, IT
MUST BE SOME UNKNOWN
SPECIES WE'VE NEVER DIS-
COVERED THE REMAINS OF

AND--WAIT-- LOOK! I-IT'S
CARRYING A PIECE OF PAPER
THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME
SORT OF BLUEPRINT.

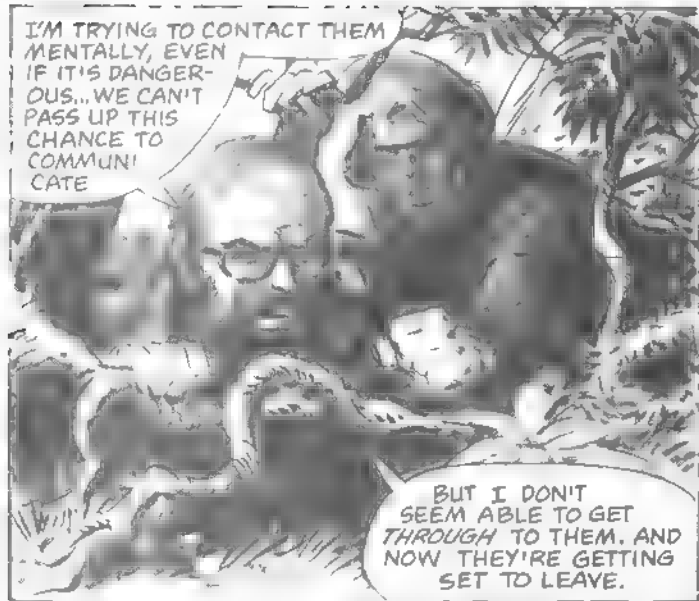


EVERYTHING IS RIGHT
ON SCHEDULE, SIR. THE
FLEET IS NEARLY
READY FOR TAKE-OFF

AND NONE
TOO SOON.
IT'S GETTING
TOO CHILLY
FOR COMFORT.



JACK, I'M RECEIVING THEIR
THOUGHTS--TELEPATHICALLY THAT'S
HOW THEY COMMUNICATE WITH ONE
ANOTHER. AND IT WAS THEY WHO
BUILT THE SPACESHIPS.





THEY DIDN'T HEAR US, DAMN IT! THEY'RE LEAVING!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?!



HOLD IT-- ONE OF THEM'S SEEN US, AND IT'S HEADING THIS WAY



JACK, IT'S INTELLIGENT. PERHAPS WE SHOULD STAY AND REASON WITH IT.

YOU CAN TALK THINGS OVER A CUP OF COFFEE IF YOU LIKE, PROFESSOR, BUT I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE NOW!

SPLIT UP, JACK! IT
CAN'T GO IN TWO
DIRECTIONS AT ONCE!



I'M HEADING FOR THE
CHRONAL CAPSULE, SIR!

NOW, IF I CAN JUST
GET THIS CRATE MOVING
WITHOUT UNINTENTIONALLY
SLIPPING BACK INTO THE
TIMESTREAM...

...IF I SHOULD
START TO FADE OUT,
PROFESSOR CLEMENT
WOULD BE LOST HERE,
FOREVER. I'D NEVER
FIND MY WAY BACK
TO THIS EXACT
MOMENT IN TIME.



DEFTLY, THE YOUNG ENGINEER'S
FINGERS PLAY AT THE FINE
CONTROLS AND SOON THE
STRANGE CRAFT
RISES SHAKILY INTO
THE SKY.

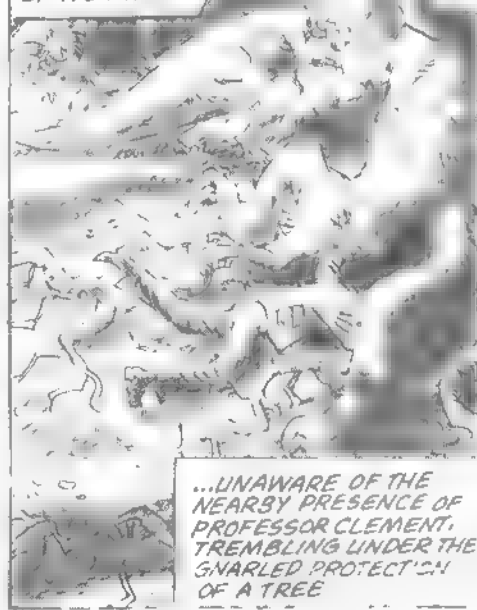


--AND STRAIGHT TOWARD THE
SLAVERING JAWS OF THE MOST
FEARSOME PREDATOR TO
EVER STALK THE EARTH.

BUT WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF
SPEED, THE CAPSULE DARTS
SWIFTLY AWAY FROM ITS
ALL-BUT-CERTAIN DOOM,
AS THE RAZOR-SHARP
TEETH OF THE EN-
RAGED REPTILE
CLOSE ON LITTLE
MORE THAN AN
EASILY SNAPPED
TREE BRANCH.



REALIZING THE STRANGE BEING WAS
FLOWN AWAY, THE HUGE BEAST CLOSE-
LY SCANS THE HORIZON FOR OTHERS
OF ITS KIND..



...UNAWARE OF THE
NEARBY PRESENCE OF
PROFESSOR CLEMENT,
TREMBLING UNDER THE
SNARLED PROTECTION
OF A TREE

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAVE WE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO? WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THOSE THINGS

AND THE WORST PART OF IT IS-- THEY'RE NOT IGNORANT BRUTES. THEY'RE NOT HUNTING US FOR FOOD.

...THEY THINK WE'RE GOING TO INTERFERE WITH THEIR PLANNED DEPARTURE OF EARTH FOR SOME UNKNOWN DESTINATION.

HOW CAN WE MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND WE ONLY WANT TO SPEAK WITH THEM --TO LEARN FROM THEM HOW?

SO THIS IS WHAT IT'S COME TO. THE CHANCE TO MAKE SCIENTIFIC HISTORY OF A KIND UNPRECEDENTED...

...TO CONVERSE WITH BEINGS FROM THE DAWN OF TIME...BEINGS WE'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED WERE FAR LESS INTELLIGENT THAN OURSELVES--

--YET WHOSE VERY MANNER OF COMMUNICATING IS LIGHT YEARS BEYOND OURS.

AND I'VE BLOWN IT. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT WE'VE UNCOVERED... AND I'LL DIE HERE, STILL A LAUGHING STOCK BACK HOME.

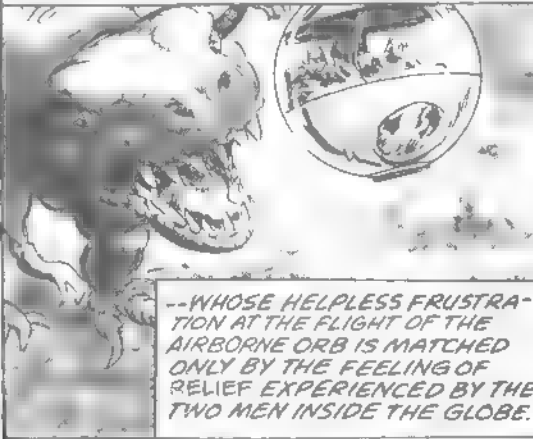
PROFESSOR! GET IN, QUICKLY!

WHA-- JACK IS THAT YOU?

PLEASE, SIR, WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED AGAIN. THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE.

I'M COMING, MY BOY, I'M COMING. YOU MUST REALIZE--TEACHING IN A UNIVERSITY DOESN'T EXACTLY PREPARE ONE FOR THIS SORT OF PHYSICAL BUFFETING.

BARE INSTANTS SEPARATE THE CHRONAL CAPSULE'S ASCENT FROM THE THUNDEROUS APPROACH OF THE GREAT SAURIAN--



--WHOSE HELPLESS FRUSTRATION AT THE FLIGHT OF THE AIRBORNE ORB IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE FEELING OF RELIEF EXPERIENCED BY THE TWO MEN INSIDE THE GLOBE.

FEW WORDS ARE SPOKEN AS THE CRAFT IS CAUGHT IN THE TURBULENT TIMESTREAM, AND WHISKED FORWARD, THROUGH THE ENDLESS CENTURIES



...AND TO THE INEVITABLE RISE OF MAN AND HIS MUCH VAUNTED WORKS



THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD SEEM TO FARM FROM THE VERY AIR ITSELF.



BATTLES AND BLOODSHED AND MEN'S DYING WORDS PASS BY IN A DIZZYING ARRAY OF ADVANCES AND RETREATS.



THE COSTUMES DIFFER, BUT THE HORROR REMAINS THE SAME, AS MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN IS THERE FOR THE TWO SICKENED TRAVELERS TO SEE.



SOON, AERIAL ARMADAS SURGE THROUGH THE TEEMING SKIES, AS MAN'S QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE TAKES HIM BEYOND HIS PLANETARY CRADLE ITSELF...

...TO THE MOON, AND NOW, THROUGH THE DARKLING TUNNEL OF TIME.

AND THEN, IT IS OVER, WITH A GENTLE NUDGE THAT PLACES THE INCREDIBLE MACHINE BACK IN ITS PLACE OF BIRTH.

WE'VE DONE IT, PROFESSOR. WE'RE BACK WITH A STORY TO TELL THAT'S GOING TO SHAKE EVERY NOTION THAT SCIENTISTS HOLD DEAR.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? DO WE REPORT THIS TO THE GOVERNMENT--OR GO TO THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY WITH OUR FINDINGS?

NOT YET. WAIT. I--I HAVE TO THINK.

THEY RULED THE WORLD FAR LONGER THAN MAN HAS SINCE. THEY'D STILL RULE IT IF THE TEMPERATURE HADN'T DROPPED.

I PICKED UP CERTAIN IDEAS WHILE WE "EAVESDROPPED" ON THE DINOSAURS. APPARENTLY, THEY LIVED SIMPLE LIVES, DESPITE THEIR GREAT INTELLECT. THEY LEFT NO TOOLS, AND OBVIOUSLY NO TRACE OF THEMSELVES--

--UNLESS WE'VE MISINTERPRETED PALEONTOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES FROM THE START.

I WONDER, SUCH A SPECIES, IF NECESSARY, MIGHT EVEN BE CAPABLE OF--NO, I DON'T DARE EVEN CONTEMPLATE THAT.

ONE WEEK LATER.

SO, JACK, I'M SORRY ABOUT BEING SO MYSTERIOUS A FEW DAYS AGO. IN THE MEANTIME, I'VE PREPARED MY REPORT.

I DON'T KNOW IF WE'LL BE BELIEVED, BUT--

PROFESSOR, YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE "GREENHOUSE EFFECT," RIGHT?

OF COURSE. IT'S THE GRADUAL WARMING OF THE ATMOSPHERE DUE TO AN INCREASE IN CARBON DIOXIDE--FROM PLANTS, POLLUTION, ETC. WHY?



I'M THINKING WHAT I'LL BET YOU WERE A WEEK AGO, WHEN WE GOT BACK. THE DINOSAURS LEFT BECAUSE IT GOT TOO COLD FOR THEM.

BUT SUPPOSE, NOW THAT IT'S GOTTEN WARMER OVER THE PAST THOUSAND CENTURIES--



COME OUTSIDE. YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT. THE SKY IS FULL OF SHIPS--SPACE SHIPS!



LIKE PROPS FROM THE MOST BIZARRE SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE COME TO LIFE, THEY DESCEND IN A ROAR OF BURSTING FLAME.

PROFESSOR, THEY--THEY'VE--

YES, JACK. THEY'VE COME BACK. HEAVEN HELP US ALL. THEY'VE COME BACK.

IT'S ON THE RADIO! THESE SHIPS ARE LANDING ALL OVER THE WORLD.



BY HROTHGAR! WE
LEAVE THE EARTH
FOR A FEW MILLENIA
UNTIL IT WARMS UP
AND THOSE BLASTED
MAMMALS ARE
OVERRUNNING THINGS.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL
HAVE TO ELIMINATE
THEM SO THIS PLACE
IS FIT TO LIVE IN
AGAIN.

AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN COUNTLESS
AGES, THE GROUND
ONCE AGAIN TREMBLES
TO THE AWESOME
TREAD OF SAURIAN
FEET.

THE END.



VEITCH
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